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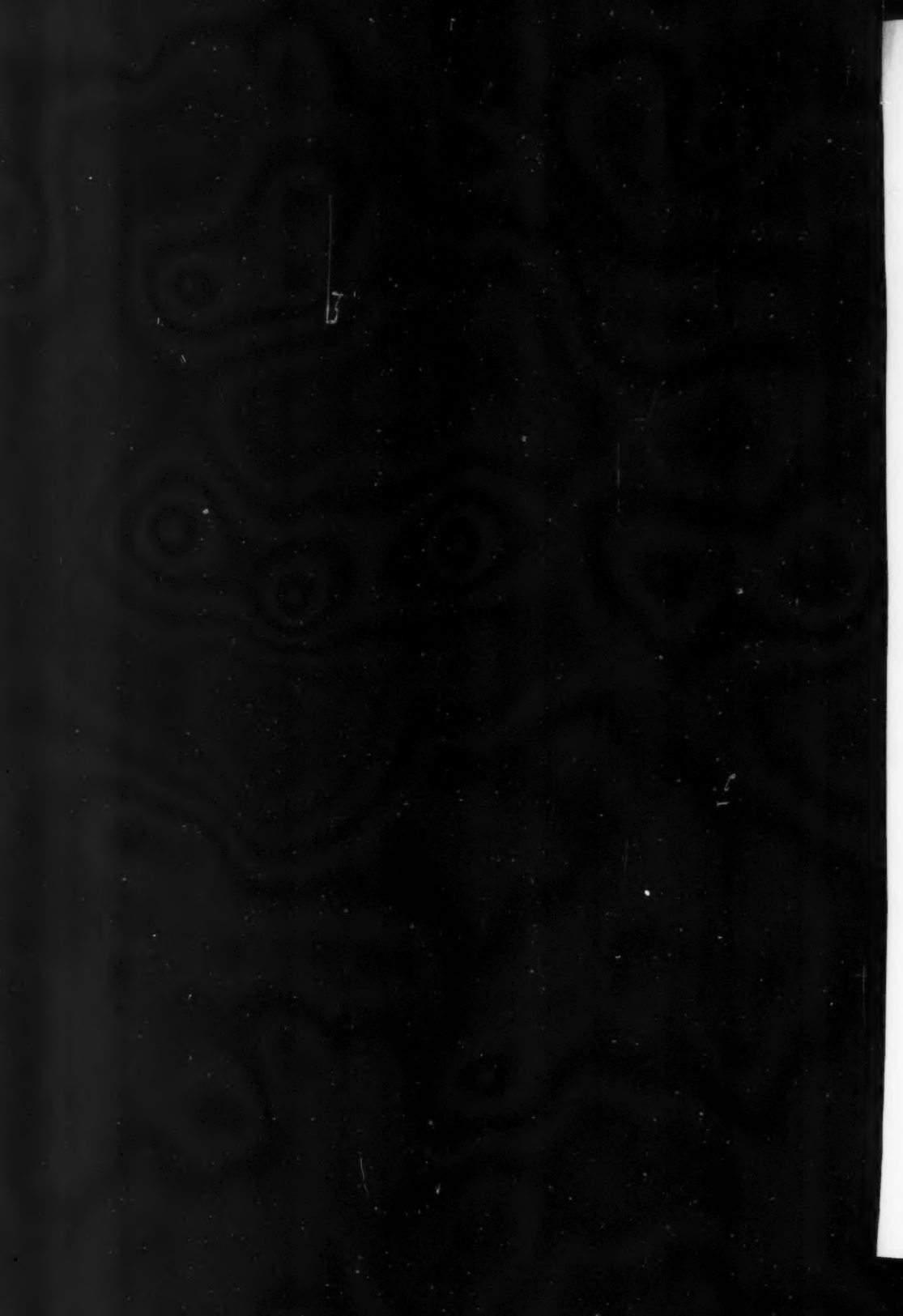
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From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXV.

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## INCOMPLETENESS.

NOT he who first beholds the aloe grow  
 May think to gaze upon its perfect flower.  
 He tends, he hopes; but ere the blossom blow,  
 There needs a century of sun and shower.

He shall not see the product of his toil;  
 Yet were his work neglected or ill-done,  
 Did he not prune the boughs and dig the soil,  
 That perfect blossom ne'er might meet the sun.

Perhaps he has no prescience of its hue,  
 Nought of its form and fragrance can fore-  
 tell;

Yet in each sun-shaft, in each bead of dew,  
 Faith, passing knowledge, tells him he does well.

Our lives, O fellow-men! pass even so.  
 We watch and toil, and with no seeming gain:

The future, which no mortal may foreknow,  
 May prove our labor was not all in vain.

But what we sow we may not hope to reap,  
 Perfect fruition may not seek to win;  
 Not till, work-weary, we have fallen asleep,  
 Shall blossom blow, or fruit be gathered in.

Let it be so. Upon our darkened eyes  
 A light more pure than noontide rays shall shine,

If pain of ours have helped our race to rise,  
 By just one hair's-breadth, nearer the divine.

Upward and outward, plant-like, life extends;  
 Grows fairer as it doth the more aspire;  
 Never completed, evermore it sends  
 A branch out, striving higher still and higher.

Because so great, it must be incomplete,  
 Have endless possibilities of growth,  
 Strength to grow stronger, sweetness still more sweet,  
 Yearning towards God, who is the source of both.

CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.  
 Chambers' Journal.

## AN INVITATION.

COME! leave the town!  
 Methinks the trees are than thy fogs less brown,  
 And that this wind  
 Less stormy than thy unemployed thou'lt find.  
 And then no newsmen here  
 With shades of night appear,  
 Hoarsely to shout  
 Tidings about  
 King Mob's last doings in Trafalgar Square;  
 Until the morrow's letters come  
 Here rumor's voice is dumb,  
 And he who wills may slumber in his chair.

Jays on the wing  
 To russet woodlands gleams of sapphire bring;  
 Days may grow brief,  
 But edged with gold is every falling leaf.  
 And should chill evening spread  
 O'er grave of summer dead  
 A pall of white,  
 The morning light  
 Shall swiftly drive the silvery mists away,  
 And Phœbus in his glory show  
 That, though 'tis autumn now,  
 Fresh loveliness the world can still display.

And if the song  
 Of summertime does to the past belong;  
 If Philomel  
 No longer thralls each silent dale and dell;  
 If not a bird dare sing  
 The music of the spring:  
 Yet still have we  
 A melody  
 As sweet, as plaintive as aught heard before;  
 And Pan upon his dying reeds  
 Whispers to him who heeds  
 How all must die that all may live once more.  
 October 26. E. F. M.  
 St. James's Gazette.

## MIZPAH.

We never used the word while thou and I  
 Walked close together in life's working way;  
 There was no need for it, when hand and eye  
 Might meet, content and faithful, every day.  
 But now, with anguish from a stricken heart,  
 Mizpah! I cry; the Lord keep watch be-  
 tween  
 Thy life and mine, that death hath riven  
 apart;  
 Thy life beyond the awful veil, unseen,  
 And my poor broken being, which must glide  
 Through ways familiar to us both, till death  
 Shall, of a surety, lead me to thy side,  
 Beyond the chance and change of mortal  
 breath.  
 Mizpah! yea, love, in all my bitter pain,  
 I trust God keepeth watch betwixt us twain.

The lips are dumb from which I used to hear,  
 Strong words of counsel, tender words of  
 praise;  
 Poor I must go my way without the cheer  
 And sunshine of thy presence all my days.  
 But God keeps watch my ways and days upon,  
 On all I do, on all I bear for thee.  
 My work is left me, though my mate is gone;  
 A solemn trust hath love bequeathed to me.  
 I take the task thy languid hand laid down  
 That summer evening, for mine own alway;  
 And may the Giver of both cross and crown  
 Pronounce me faithful at our meeting-day!  
 Mizpah! the word gives comfort to my pain:  
 I know God keepeth watch betwixt us  
 twain.

All The Year Round.

From The Westminster Review.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.\*

SCARCELY six years have passed away since the spirit of Emerson took its flight, and already he is numbered amongst the privileged few whom the reader approaches in the mood of settled respect, and whose names have surrounded themselves with an atmosphere of religion. Quite a literature has grown up on the subject of his life and of his teaching in the course of the last half-dozen years, and one after another of his loving and admiring disciples have vied with each other in their efforts to do honor to his memory. In 1882 Mr. George Willis Cooke published a book entitled "Ralph Waldo Emerson: his Life, Writings, and Philosophy," which was intended as an introduction to the study of the writings of Emerson, and was biographical only so far as light was thrown upon the books by the events of the life. In the same year appeared a biographical sketch by Alexander Ireland, whom Carlyle once described as "full of energy, and broad sagacity, and practicality; infinitely well affected to the man Emerson too." To this biographical sketch were added personal recollections of Emerson's visits to England, extracts from unpublished letters, and miscellaneous characteristic records. In the following year Mr. Moncure Conway gave to the world his entertaining volume on "Emerson at Home and Abroad," in which there will be found many interesting traits and anecdotes gathered from the personal recollections of the writer. At a still later date Oliver Wendell Holmes contributed to the series of American Men of Letters an admirable monograph on his departed friend; and, last of all, Mr. James Elliot Cabot, the literary executor of Emerson, has carried out the commission entrusted to him, and, after a careful examination of Emerson's published and unpublished writings, has presented us with the authoritative memoir which we have been for some time eagerly awaiting.

With regard to this memoir we desire to say at the outset that Mr. Cabot appears

to us to have performed with ability, with diligence, and with care the difficult and delicate task which the subject of it laid upon him. His object, he tells us, has been to offer to the readers of Emerson some further illustrations, some details of his outward and inward history, that may fill out and define more closely the image of him they already have, rather than to attempt a picture which should make him known to strangers, or set him forth in due relation to his surroundings or to the world at large. Such is the modest and limited scope of Mr. Cabot's present undertaking, and every one who reads his work must surely admit that he has at least succeeded in achieving the object at which he aimed. Some disappointment will doubtless be experienced by those (if any such there be) who expected any very striking or startling revelations. Mr. Cabot renders his heartiest thanks to those among Emerson's correspondents who had allowed him to make copies of their letters, but he at the same time expresses his surprise that he found these letters less directly available than he had hoped. The truth is, as Emerson himself has told us, that "he was not born under epistolary stars," whilst some of the most interesting letters he ever wrote had already been given to the world in "The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834-72," published now more than four years ago under the able editorship of Mr. Norton. This correspondence is especially noteworthy as being the record of one of the most beautiful friendships furnished by the annals of literature, though it still remains true that Emerson lacked the flowing ease and grace so characteristic of all the greatest letter-writers. He rarely wrote a letter of any importance without first making a rough draft of it; and indeed he had not the faculty of dashing off at a moment's notice a composition that would bear the stamp and impress of his own personality. The letters that have come to hand since his death are accordingly not very numerous, and these consist rather of a series of reflections than of a narrative of facts and events. The same character attaches in a remarkable degree to his journals,

\* *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.* By James Elliot Cabot. In two vols. London. 1887.

which he kept with great regularity, commencing them in his college days, and continuing them down to the last years of his life. If, however, the letters and journals cannot be said to add very considerably to the stock of harmless pleasure and amusement afforded by the letters and journals of other men, they possess a peculiar interest and fascination of their own. They are valuable as supplying us with a key to the intellectual development of the writer, and they serve still further to raise the high estimate we had already formed of the life and character of the man. Between the life and the works of Emerson no discrepancy of any kind can with truth be said to exist. To a friend who asserted that no one would dare to uncover the thoughts of a single hour, he replied: "Is it so bad? I own that to a witness worse than myself, and less intelligent, I should not willingly put a window into my breast. But to a witness more intellectual and virtuous than I, or to one precisely as intelligent and well-intentioned, I have no objection to uncover my heart." And, in his own case at all events, Emerson was assuredly right; he could only gain — he could not lose — by revealing to men of capacity to appreciate him his inmost and most secret thoughts in all their nakedness and entirety: —

Whatever record leap to light,  
He never shall be shamed.

Emerson, then, was a writer and a thinker rather than a man of action and affairs. But, as in the case of other writers and thinkers, the narrative of his life is full of the deepest human interest. "An author," writes Dr. Johnson, "partakes of the common condition of humanity; he is born and married like another man; he has hopes and fears, expectations and disappointments, griefs and joys, like a courtier or a statesman." From Mr. Cabot's memoir, and from the other works which have been already cited, we are able to gather with considerable fulness and detail what were the hopes and fears, the expectations and disappointments, the griefs and joys, of a life of which it has been said with perfect truth that "no purer, simpler, and more harmonious

story can be found in the annals of far-shining men."

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born at Boston, May 25, 1803. He came of a good Puritan stock, the family to which he belonged being remarkable for the long succession of preachers and divines in its genealogy, and the large number of college graduates it reckoned on its rolls. His father was the Reverend William Emerson, minister of the First (Unitarian) Church in Boston; and his grandfather, William Emerson, of Concord, the builder of the "Old Manse" celebrated by Hawthorne. Emerson's father was, we are informed by one of his contemporaries, considered an extraordinary preacher. He had a melodious voice; his elocution was remarkable for distinctness, yet had an easy flow; in prayer he was fluent, but his expressions were often too studied for a common audience; his sermons were greatly labored, yet very perspicuous; he was, we are further told, of a kindly, affectionate nature. But his son's chief recollection of him was as "a somewhat social gentleman, but severe to his children, who twice or thrice put me in mortal terror by forcing me into the salt water, off some wharf or bathing-house; and I still recall the fright with which, after some of these salt experiences, I heard his voice one day (as Adam that of the Lord God in the garden) summoning me to a new bath, and I vainly endeavoring to hide myself."

The maiden name of Emerson's mother was Ruth Haskins, and of her the most glowing accounts are given. "Both her mind and her character," writes Dr. N. L. Frothingham, "were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity. Her sensible and kindly speech was always as good as the best instruction; and her smile, though it was always ready, was a reward. Her dark liquid eyes, from which old age could not take away the expression, will be among the remembrances of all on whom they ever rested."

To the Reverend William and Ruth Emerson five sons were born, Ralph Waldo being the second. Ralph bore a strong resemblance to his father; the

other children resembled their mother. The father was taken away from them whilst they were still young, dying in 1811, when Ralph was not yet eight years of age. It was a hard struggle for the widow, with all the help her sister-in-law, Miss Mary Emerson, could lend her, to keep the wolf from the door. A friend of the family, coming in one day, found them without food, Miss Emerson endeavoring to console them as best she could with stories of heroic endurance. Ralph and his brother Edward had but one great coat between them, and had to take turns in going without, and in bearing the taunts of vulgar-minded schoolfellows: "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?" Hard, however, as the struggle was, the education of the children was in no wise neglected. Ralph's school days had commenced when he was only three years of age, and they continued long after his father's death. From his earliest to his latest years he was a student of men and of books. "We were babies and boys together," writes the venerable Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia; "but I can recall but one image of him as playing, and that was on the floor of my mother's chamber. I don't think he ever engaged in boys' plays, not because of any physical inability, but simply because from his earliest years he dwelt in a higher sphere. My one deep impression is, that from his earliest childhood he lived and moved and had his being in an atmosphere of letters quite apart by himself. I can as little remember when he was not literary in his pursuits as when I first made his acquaintance." Already in his school days the bent of his genius and the charm of his personality had begun to manifest themselves. He read to please himself no less than to please his instructors. "The regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education," he writes in one of his essays, "have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench at the Latin School. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we do call so." As regards the appearance of the youth, and a certain undefinable fascination there was about him, the testimony of his school-

fellow Rufus Dawes may be cited. He is speaking of him when he was a boy about ten years old, and he describes him as a "spiritual-looking boy, in blue nankeen, whose image more than any other's is still deeply stamped upon my mind, as I then saw him and loved him, I knew not why, and thought him so angelic and remarkable." Young Emerson made rapid progress at school, and was particularly fond of writing verses as school exercises; but, after all, the most important portion of his education was that which he received at home. The family circle was doubtless in his mind's eye when he wrote a remarkable passage in his essay on "Domestic Life": "What is the hoop," he asks, "that holds them staunch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity into safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good. . . . The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil and Want, and Truth and Mutual Faith."

Reference has already been made to the aunt, who was beyond question a most remarkable person, and who exercised no inconsiderable influence in Mrs. Emerson's household. She was a woman who combined with Puritan rigor and the strictest orthodoxy a large allowance of reading and of culture. Her early reading was Milton, Young, Akenside, Samuel Clarke, Jonathan Edwards, and always the Bible. Later, Plato, Plotinus, Marcus Antoninus, Stewart, Coleridge, Herder, Locke, Madame de Staël, Channing, Mackintosh, Byron. In her later years she quarrelled with Emerson on account of his "high, airy speculations;" but he always retained for her a high estimation and regard. "Give my love to her," he wrote at a time when she would not see him, or even come into the town where he was; "give my love to her — love and honor. She must always occupy a saint's place in my household, and I have no hour of poetry or philosophy, since I knew these things, into which she does not en-



ter as a genius." His bark had drifted far away from the old moorings, but his heart still loved to linger amongst the companions of his youth; and little wonder. For if, from one point of view, the teaching of his aunt had been narrow and contracted, from another it had been lofty, invigorating, and sublime; "Scorn trifles," she wrote; "lift your aims; do what you are afraid to do. Sublimity of character must come from sublimity of motive."

Emerson entered Harvard College in his fourteenth year, in 1817. At that time Harvard was, so far as the instruction went, simply a boys' school; and even a generation later, when Clough visited America, he does not seem to have been particularly struck with the teaching that was to be had within its walls. "They learn French and history and German," he writes, "and a great many more things than in England, but only imperfectly." The president of the college was John Thornton Kirkland, of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes says that "his 'shining morning face' was round as a baby's, and talked as pleasantly as his voice did, with smiles for accents and dimples for punctuation." During the last term of his freshman's year Emerson was private tutor to the president's nephew, Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, who has furnished Mr. Cabot with some interesting reminiscences of Emerson's collegiate days. "In manner and disposition," he says, "Emerson appeared then, in his fourteenth year, just what he was afterwards; kindly, affable, but self-contained; receiving praise or sympathy without taking much notice of it. His verses, for example, which he was willing to show, were his; whether good or bad, it mattered little." This feeling of detachment, self-reliance, independence, is highly characteristic of Emerson. It began to show itself whilst he was still a boy, and it remained with him in middle and in later life. In 1838 he wrote thus to his aunt: "I abide in my old barrel, or, if you will, coop or tub of observation, and mean to keep my eyes open, whether anything offers to be observed or not;" and it is when speaking of his college days that Dr. Lothrop says, "He seemed to dwell apart, as if in a tower, from which he looked upon everything from a loophole of his own."

In President Kirkland's time George Ticknor was professor of modern languages, and Edward Everett professor of Greek. Emerson diligently attended their lectures, and took copious notes; but it was, after all, not very much his college

training was to do for him. Mathematics were his particular aversion, and he was doubtless thinking of himself when, long years afterwards, he expatiated in one of his journals on "the instinct which leads the youth who has no faculty for mathematics, and weeps over the impossible analytical geometry, to console his defects with Chaucer and Montaigne, with Plutarch and Plato, at night." Montaigne, it may here be stated, was always a favorite author with Emerson. When a boy he found a volume of the essays among his father's books, and he devoured it with the utmost avidity. "I remember," he writes, "the delight and wonder in which I lived with him. It seemed to me as if I had myself written the book in some former life, so sincerely did he speak to my thought and experience."

On leaving college, Emerson devoted himself for a time to teaching. The episode of school-keeping, says his biographer, was the gloomiest, or rather it was the one gloomy passage in his life. It, however, was not without its compensations. During the three years that he kept a ladies' school at Boston he earned from two to three thousand dollars, whilst he could subsist, if he saw fit, on two hundred dollars a year. Indeed, to his austere aunt, Mary Emerson, his circumstances at this time appeared altogether "too easy and rhyme-like." Be this, however, as it may, we are now merely dealing with a transient phase of Emerson's career. He looked upon the profession of teaching as a starting-point, and still hoped, in the language of his journal, "to put on eloquence as a robe, and by goodness and zeal and the awfulness of virtue to press and prevail over the false judgments, the rebel passions, and corrupt habits of men." In the spring of 1823 his mother, with her household, removed to Canterbury, which was then some four miles distant from Boston, and it was there that, "stretched beneath the pines," Emerson wrote his well-known verses, "Good-bye, proud world: I'm going home."

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;  
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
To supple Office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts and halting feet;



To those who go and those who come:  
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

Emerson's sojourn in his "sylvan home" was of the briefest duration. In February, 1825, he went to Cambridge, and before leaving Canterbury he had, on Sunday, April 24, 1824, made the following entry in his journal: "I am beginning my professional studies. In a month I shall be legally a man; and I deliberately dedicate my time, my talents, and my hopes to the Church." Before taking so solemn a step in his existence he proceeded to make a careful examination of his past and present life. He had, he thought, a strong imagination, and consequently a keen relish for the beauties of poetry. But his reasoning faculty was proportionately weak, nor could he ever hope to write a Butler's "Analogy," or an essay of Hume. Still, for all that, he saw no reason why he should despair of thriving in divinity. "I inherit from my sire," he said, in communing with his own spirit, "a formality of manner and speech, but I derive from him or his patriotic parent a passionate love for the strains of eloquence. I burn after the *aliquid immensum infinitumque* which Cicero desired. What we ardently love we learn to imitate. But the most prodigious genius, a seraph's eloquence, will shamefully defeat its own end if it has not first won the heart of the defender to the cause he defends."

Whatever might be his views at other periods of his life, he was now, and for some years to come, a convinced believer in the essential truths of the Christian faith. "In my frigidest moments," he writes under the date of June, 1827, "when I put behind me the subtler evidences, and set Christianity in the light of a piece of human history, much as Confucius or Solymán might regard it, I believe myself immortal. The beam of the balance trembles to be sure, but settles always on the right side, for otherwise all things look so silly."

But before this passage was written Emerson had spent a twelve-month in the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., and had, on October 10, 1826, been "approved to preach" by the Middlesex Association of Ministers. Another interval, however, was destined to elapse before he became the minister of the Second Church in Boston. His health gave way, and he was obliged to visit the far South. On his return to Cambridge, he says in a letter to his brother William: "I am writing sermons. I am living cautiously — yea,

treading on eggs — to strengthen my constitution. It is a long battle, this of mine, betwixt life and death, and it is wholly uncertain to whom the game belongs."

This regimen proved efficacious. The result of the lounging and loitering existence that he led was that he was soon able to report that he was on the mend, and was beginning to look less like a monument and more like a man. It was at this time, during his second residence at Divinity Hall, that Dr. Hedge made Emerson's acquaintance. He describes him as being slow in his movements as in his speech. He would never, says Dr. Hedge, through eagerness interrupt any speaker with whom he conversed, however prepossessed with a contrary opinion; and no one ever saw him run. In ethics he held very positive opinions. Here his native independence of thought was manifest. "Owe no conformity to custom," he said, "against your private judgment. Have no regard to the influence of your example, but act always from the simplest motive."

Emerson's health was so far recovered that in March, 1829, he was ordained minister at Boston, and in September of the same year he was married to Ellen Louisa Tucker. She was "the fairest and best of her kind," and Emerson was now, to quote his own words, "as happy as it is safe in life to be." But "happiness too swiftly flies," and death had marked Ellen for his own. She died of consumption in February, 1832.

Brief, also, though not quite so brief, was his connection with the church at Boston. Whilst, however, it was brief, it was not undistinguished. The style and the substance of his discourses were all his own. He borrowed little from and he owed little to other men. When he listened to other preachers and divines he was for the most part constrained to confess that the image in the pulpit was all of clay, and not of tunable metal. He said to himself on such an occasion, if men would avoid that general language and general manner in which they strive to hide all that is peculiar, and would say only what was uppermost in their own minds, after their own individual manner, every man would be interesting. The common usage in preaching, he contended, was too straitened. It did not apply itself to all the good and evil that is in the human bosom. It walked in a narrow round; it harped on a few and ancient strings. It was much addicted to a few words; it held on to phrases when the

lapse of time had changed their meaning. Accordingly, he did not seek to tread in the footsteps either of his contemporaries or of his predecessors. He took no man as his model. He sought only to be true to himself and to the light that was within him; and his success was all the greater in consequence. The impression that was made by his preaching has been graphically described by Mr. Congdon in an often quoted passage of "The Reminiscences of a Journalist." "One day there came into our pulpit," he writes, "the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn and made the first prayer as an angel might have read and prayed. Our choir was a pretty good one, but its best was coarse and discordant after Emerson's voice. I remember of the sermon only that it had an indefinite charm of simplicity and wisdom, with occasional illustrations from nature, which were about the most delicate and dainty things of the kind which I had ever heard." But it was not in the pulpit any more than in the schoolhouse that Emerson was to find rest for the sole of his foot. He came to think that it was the best part of the man that revolted most against his being a minister. His good revolted from official goodness. In order to be a good minister, he said to himself, it was necessary to bear the ministry. The profession was antiquated. One seems to hear him exclaiming with Milton, in the immortal plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties." The occasion of his resignation of his charge at Boston was a difference of opinion with his congregation as to the rite of the Lord's Supper, which he felt himself no longer able conscientiously to administer. He accordingly left the church, though he continued for years to preach whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself. For the most part, however, the lecture room took the place of the sermon.

The loss of his young wife and the worry connected with the resignation of his charge had told upon his health, and he determined to seek relief in travel. In the spring of 1833 he crossed the Atlantic, and made the first of his three well-known visits to Europe. At Rome he met M. Gustave d'Eichthal, who gave him a letter of introduction to Carlyle, and armed with this, as well as with a letter of introduction from John Stuart Mill, he made his famous pilgrimage to Craigenputtock. He had read some of Carlyle's contribu-

tions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and had conceived an unbounded admiration for their author. He was determined to meet him face to face, and after overcoming many obstacles, he at length succeeded in giving effect to his resolution. As Carlyle sat despondent, one August day, a carriage drove to the door, and an American alighted. It was Emerson, looking for a wise man; the first human being, said Mrs. Carlyle, who had visited Dunscore parish on such an errand since Noah's flood. The visit was in every way successful, and resulted in the formation of a close and intimate friendship, which nothing but death could destroy. The next day Emerson made the following entry in his journal:—

CARLISLE, in Cumberland, August 26. — I am just arrived in merry Carlisle from Dumfries. A white day in my years. I found the youth I sought in Scotland, and good and wise and pleasant he seems to me; and his wife a most accomplished, agreeable woman. Truth and peace and faith dwell with them, and beautify them. I never saw more amiable-ness than is in his countenance. T. C. has made up his mind to pay his taxes to William and Adelaide Guelph, with great cheerfulness, as long as William is able to compel the payment; and shall cease to do so the moment he ceases to compel them. T. C. prefers London to any other place to live in. John S. Mill, the best mind he knows—more purity, more force—has worked himself clear from Benthamism. His only companion to speak to was the minister of Dunscore Kirk. And he used to go sometimes to the Kirk, and envy the poor parishioners their good faith. But he seldom went, and the minister had grown suspicious of them, and did not come to see him.

Carlyle, on his part, pronounced Emerson "one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on;" and in speaking to Lord Houghton of his visit he said: "That man came to see me: I don't know what brought him; and we kept him one night, and then he left us. I saw him go up the hill; I didn't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel."

Emerson returned to his home across the Atlantic, reinvigorated in health and carrying with him pleasant recollections of the hours he had spent in the society of the greatest and best of men, Coleridge and Wordsworth and Carlyle. Henceforth the entire energies of his nature were devoted to that which was the real business of his life, lecturing and writing. In the winter of 1835 he married Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, and settled

down for the remainder of his days in a modest little homestead of his own at Concord. Trials of the affections were still in store for him. His highly gifted and dearly loved brother Edward fought a stout and a gallant battle with the all-conquering and inexorable foe, but "the arrow of the angel had gone too deep," and he was speedily compelled to succumb. "A soul is gone," wrote his brother, "so costly and so rare that few persons were capable of knowing its price, and I shall have my sorrow to myself; for if I speak of him I shall be thought a fond exaggerator. He had the fourfold perfection of good sense, of genius, of grace, and of virtue, as I have never seen them combined." "Clean and sweet was his life, untempted almost; and his action on others all-healing, uplifting, and fragrant. I mourn that in losing him I have lost his all, for he was born an orator, not a writer." "How much I saw through his eyes! I feel as if my own were very dim." After Edward was gone, five years glided smoothly and pleasantly along, and then another blow fell upon Emerson, in the death of a beautiful little boy, his eldest born. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "I chiefly grieve that I cannot grieve. Dear boy, too precious and unique a creation to be huddled aside into the waste and prodigality of things; yet his image, so gentle, so rich in hope, blends easily with every happy moment, every fair remembrance, every cherished friendship of my life."

In the mean time, during these five years of domestic happiness, the writing and the lecturing had been making sure and steady progress. His method of writing, like his modes of thought, was all his own. He had long ago discovered that he had nothing to do with other people's facts, and it was enough for him if he could dispose of his own. "In writing my thoughts," he said, "I seek no order, or harmony, or result. I am not careful to see how they comport with other thoughts and other modes; I trust them for that." Herein in a measure lay his strength, but herein also lay his weakness, and he was himself fully conscious of the fact. "If Minerva offered me a gift and an option," he wrote in his journal, "I would say, give me continuity. I am tired of scraps. I do not wish to be a literary or intellectual *chiffonnier*."

His views upon religious subjects underwent a process of gradual evolution, and an address which he delivered in the Divinity School of Harvard in 1838 made him for the time the best-abused man in

Massachusetts. Emerson was, properly speaking, an iconoclast, but not of the loud, vulgar, and brawling type. "No good man," he wrote, "vaunts disbelief, but only aims to put a real motive and law in the place of the false ones removed." As Oliver Wendell Holmes has so finely expressed it, he was "an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." No wonder that, after hearing one of the Transcendental discourses, the Methodist preacher, Father Taylor, exclaimed that "it would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul as it would quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk;" whilst of Emerson himself he said: "He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar."

Emerson, it will be seen, had thrown in his lot with the Transcendentalists, and he took an active part in the promotion of the success of their organ, the *Dial*. This periodical made its appearance in 1840, and continued to exist for a period of four years. For the first two years the duties of editor were discharged by Miss Margaret Fuller; for the last by Emerson himself. It was at this time that he was brought into constant communication with Miss Fuller, who sought, but sought in vain, to establish relations of close personal intimacy with him. In his journals he speaks of these "strange, cold-warm, attractive-repelling conversations with Margaret, whom I always admire, most revere when I nearest see, and sometimes love; yet whom I freeze, and who freezes me to silence when we promise to come nearest." "Speak to me of anything but myself," he writes to his fair correspondent, "and I will endeavor to make an intelligible reply . . . but tell me that I am cold or unkind, and in my most flowing state I become a cake of ice; I can feel the crystals shoot and the drops solidify." Miss Margaret Fuller's fate was that of all other persons, outside his own family circle and the friends of his childhood, who were brought into close relations with Emerson. It was the fate even of Hawthorne and of Thoreau.

In 1847 he paid his second visit to England, renewing personal intercourse with his old friends, and making the acquaintance of new ones. Carlyle and his wife he found living on beautiful terms. "Nothing," he said, "could be more en-

gaging than their ways, and in her book-case all his books were inscribed to her, as they came, from year to year, each with some significant lines." He was honored with an election into the Athenæum Club during his temporary residence in England. There Milnes and other good men were always to be found. Milnes was the most good-natured man in England—made of sugar; he was everywhere and knew everything. He told of Landor that one day, in a towering passion, he threw his cook out of the window, and then presently exclaimed, "Good God, I never thought of those poor violets!" The last time he saw Landor he found him expatiating on our custom of eating in company, which he esteems very barbarous. He eats alone, with half-closed windows, because the light interferes with the taste. Besides meeting constantly with Milnes and with Carlyle, Emerson was fortunate enough to catch occasional glimpses of other notabilities. Tennyson he met at the house of Coventry Patmore, and was contented with him at once. He found him "though cultivated, quite unaffected. Quiet, sluggish sense and thought; refined, as all English are, and good-humored." Carlyle thought him "the best man in England to smoke a pipe with."

In Paris, Emerson discovered that "his French was far from being as good as Madame de Staël's."

On his return once again to America the lecturing and the writing were renewed, and his reputation in the world of letters at last became firmly established. In 1841 the first series of essays had been published; but it was not until "The Conduct of Life" appeared, in 1860, that his works had any very considerable sale. Once, and once only, in his career was he called upon to take part in the great political movements of the day. "This is ever the test of the scholar," writes Mr. Morley, "whether he allows intellectual fastidiousness to stand between him and the great issues of his time." Emerson stood the test as few other scholars have stood it, and on the great question of negro slavery his voice was raised, and gave forth no doubtful or uncertain sound. "The last year," he said in his address to the citizens of Concord on May 3, 1851, "the last year has forced us all into politics. There is an infamy in the air. . . . The Act of Congress of September 18, 1850, is a law which every one of you will break on the earliest occasion—a law which no man can obey, or abet the obeying, without loss of self-respect and forfeiture of the

name of a gentleman." But it was in the study, and not in the political arena, that Emerson felt himself to be most at home, and he was glad when the occasion for his intervention in politics had gone by, and the cause of freedom and the North had triumphed. He survived to a green old age, retaining all his faculties, with the exception of his memory, to the last. The burning of his house called forth the active help and sympathy of his friends, and led him to pay one last visit to England. He returned to his renovated home, lingered there for ten years longer, and passed away tranquilly at last on April 27, 1882. His body rests in Sleepy Hollow, hard by the graves of Hawthorne and of Thoreau; and in his books will be found "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

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#### A TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN.

BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

I.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

WHEN, in the year 1787, I entered, at the age of nineteen, the university of the kingly city of Wengistat, I was, no doubt, a very foolish young man, but I am perfectly certain that I was not a fool. I suffered not only from that necessary disease which from the very nature of existence it is impossible for a young man to escape, the regarding of life from his own standpoint, as a man on first coming into a brilliantly lighted and crowded room must of necessity, for a few moments, be conscious of the varied scene only as it strikes himself; but I was also to some extent subject to that fatuity which haunts some young men, the forming of opinions and the giving audible expression to them. Notwithstanding all this, I was, at the same time, conscious of such a crowd of ideas, actuated by such ideas, and stirred to the depths of my being by the emotions and results which these ideas wrought upon me, that looking back with the impartiality which the lapse of thirty years gives even to the review of one's self, I feel perfectly confident that I was not a fool. I shall, I fear, have to describe at some length how I came to be what I was, but I will be as short as I can. My history would be worth nothing in itself, but it is interwoven closely with that of

some others whose personality seems to me well worthy of record.

I was the eldest son of the pastor of the little village of Waldreich in the wooded mountains of Bavaria. Though my father had a large family, and his cure was only a village one, he was not so poor as most of his order, for he had a little private income derived from houses in Bayreuth; my mother had also some little money of her own. My father was a man of a singular patience and quietude of conduct. He divided his time between cultivating his little garden and orchard and preparing his sermons with elaborate care. When, in after years, I became possessed of many of these beautifully written discourses, I was amazed at the patience, care, and scholarship expended upon these addresses to a few peasants, most of whom fell asleep during the time of hearing. I believe that my father's sole relaxation and indulgence consisted in poring over an old folio Terence which he possessed, and which, shielded amidst the mysteries of a dead language, he could read in perfect security, without fear of scandalizing his flock. Indeed it is possible that they regarded it as a work of deep theology, and perhaps they were right.

The little village of Waldreich lies immediately at the foot of the wooded hills. We ascended from the garden and croft of the pastor's house straight into the fir woods and the oak dingles that led up into the mysterious and wild heights above—into the mists and cloud shadows—into a land of green mountain woods rising against blue skies—a land of mist and rain-showers, of the tints of rainbows spanning the village, and of colored prisms of light stealing down crag and forest dingle—a land of rushing streams and still, solemn, dark lakes—a land of castles upon distant peaks and of the faint smoke of charcoal-burners on the hillsides. Through all the varied changes of the day in this romantic land, from the cheerful dawn loud with the song of birds and the lowing of cattle, to the solemn evening stillness, I passed the first few years of my life. The scenes around him penetrated into the boy's being and formed his nature; but I have no wish to become wearisome in describing all these influences and these results minutely. There is one influence, however, which must be dwelt upon if the story is to be told at all, for it was the leading influence of my life—the influence of sound. From a very little child I was profoundly impressed by the sounds of nature; the rushing water, the

rustling oaks, the sighing and moaning wind down the mountain valleys, spoke to me with distinct utterance, and with a sense of meaning and even of speech. These sounds were more even than this; they became a passion, a fascination, a haunting presence, and even a dread.

I can give one instance of this. Below the village and parsonage house, where we lived, was a beautiful meadow on the banks of the swift, winding river. This meadow was my greatest delight as a little child. At the lower end was a mill, and a mill-pool and race; and around the edges of the pool beds of rushes had planted themselves for ages, forming a thick phalanx of waving, pointed leaves. Nothing could exceed the fascination this sight had for me, not only when the yellow flowers mingled with the green stately leaves, but at other times of the year when I listened hour after hour to the whispering murmur through the innumerable lances of the reeds. But to reach this meadow it was necessary to pass a row of vast, lofty, straggling trees (I suppose some species of poplar), and no words can describe the terror which the same wind, which delighted me so much in the gentle murmur of its reed-music, inspired me with when heard through these lofty, swaying branches. I often, even in those early days, wondered why the music of the wind through the green rushes on the water's edge, should have thrilled me with cheerfulness and joy, while the same wind wailing through the branches of the great trees high above my head crushed me with an unspeakable horror and dread. Doubtless in this latter was the sense of vastness and unapproachable height, infinite as it seemed to a little child—the touch, even, of the infinite must ever be appalling to man.

It was in this way and by these experimental methods that I began so early to recognize the mysterious connection that exists between sound and human feeling.

Down the long, winding oak dingles, between the high cliffs and the wooded slopes of the hills, there came to me as a little child whispers and murmurs of dreams and stories of which at that time I knew nothing, and to which I could give in those early days no intelligent voice or meaning. But as I grew in years and listened to the talk of nurse and peasant, and of village lads and children, and heard from them the legends of elf-kings and maidens and wild hunters of the forest, weird and fantastic indeed, yet still strangely instinct with human wants and



hopes, I began to connect such sympathy, felt then as it seemed for the first time, with human life in all its varied aspects, and the stories of human loves and joys and terrors with these sounds of nature, the sweeping wind through wood.

I use these last words advisedly, because, even in those earliest days, it seemed to me that all sound that was of spiritual import was in some hidden sense the product of the wind and of wood. There was a wailing of the wind at night through the crevices of the high-pitched roof and the panelled walls of the old parsonage, that thrilled me as with a message from on high, but this was still wind and wood. But where the wind had no part, where it was not sound so much as noise, in the clanging of metal upon metal, in the inarticulate screaming of senseless creatures, the terror that I had felt in the wailing wood—that terror that had still something in it of the higher life and hope,—was turned into the mere panic of despair.

I distinctly remember that I had these feelings as a child; but, since those days, I have pleased myself in finding that the great Goethe shared with me my dislike to the continuous barking of a dog. "Annihilation," he said one day, in conversation with the *Legationsrath* Falk, "is utterly out of the question; but the possibility of being caught on the way by some more powerful, and yet baser monas, and subordinated to it—that is unquestionably a very serious consideration; and I, for my part, have never been able entirely to divest myself of the fear of it." At this moment, a dog was heard repeatedly barking in the street. Goethe sprang hastily to the window and called out to it: "Take what form you will, vile larva, you shall not subjugate me." A gallant boast but an ineffectual one! Noise, especially if continued on one note, deadens and destroys the soul, the life of the mind within the brain. The constant reiteration of one note will drive a man mad, just as the continual fall of a drop of water upon the same spot of the head will cause madness and death. You may prove this on the violin. Whereas if you laid your head down in the meadow by the river on the long grass, there came to you in the whispering wind something like the sea-murmurs that live within the shell—tidings of a delicate life, news of a world beyond the thought of those who merely haunt the palaces of earth.

These two, the murmur of the wind through grass and the whisper within the

shell, are perhaps the most delicate sounds that nature can produce; was it possible that I should find in art something more perfect still? In this passion for sound, in which I lived as in a paradise, it may be asked where did music find a place? The music that I heard in my childhood was not of the best class; and perhaps this might be the reason that musical sound rather than music seemed to haunt those hours of childhood, for among the untutored sounds of nature there are, now and again, musical notes of surpassing beauty. Among the wailing sounds of the wind that haunted the high-pitched roof above the boarded ceiling of our bedroom, there was one perfect and regular note. It never varied, except in loudness according to the force of the wind. This note, in its monotony, had an enthralling effect upon my imagination. I had once associated certain thoughts with its message; no doubt the continued association of ideas of recollected imagery would explain the rest.

The wandering musicians that played in the courtyard on summer evenings upon hautboys and fiddles no doubt reached me with a strange message from afar, especially in the shrill high notes; and on Sunday in the village church, the organist thundered out fugues and fantasias, but it was the final cadences only that touched me; somehow the organ seemed wanting in that supreme searching power of wind and wood.

But one day, it was a summer evening, there came into the courtyard four zither-players from the south. I say zither-players, but their instruments were more like the old Italian lutes for size and the number of strings. They were regulated each at a certain interval of pitch, probably in a few octaves in the middle region of the scale. They played a singular rapid music with little tune, but with a perfect relation of time and pitch. It was like a rippling *mænad* dance; apparently reckless and untrained, yet in reality perfectly regulated in step and figure, every note true to its corresponding note in the higher or lower octave, and now and again, all united in one sudden note of uniform pitch, by which the wild lawless music vindicated its perception of unison and the moral perfection of pure sound; but even in this there seemed to me nothing that spoke in just the same voice as did the gentle whisper of that teaching wind through grass and wood.

On the organ in the parish church, written in faded gold letters, were the words



from Luther's Bible: "The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the sound of it well, so is every one that is of the spirit born." When, as a child, I sat during long sermons in the little grated seat of the pastor's children, I pondered over these words, and for a long time could find no reason or congruity in them. What had the wind blowing where it listeth to do with the birth of the spirit? But on one hot summer afternoon, when I had fallen asleep during my father's discourse, I was suddenly aroused by the cessation of the preacher's voice and by the murmuring fall of harmony, for the organist probably had been asleep too, and was playing unconsciously such simple notes as came first to hand. I say, I awoke suddenly into life and sense, and saw the rich mellow tints of the organ wood, and these mystic letters all lighted up with the gilding rays; and an inward consciousness came like a flash of lightning from heaven into the child's mind that the wandering seeking wind through reed or organ pipe, or over strings of violin or flute or grassy hill, spoke to the spirit and to the spirit-born, and to such only, with a sufficient and adequate voice. This conception came to me like a message from above. It raised my thoughts of Nature and harmonized her voices with the needs and desires of my own soul. I pondered over it day and night; but before long an event occurred which was in the end the means of leading me beyond this half truth, and of more fully opening to me the gates of the mystical city of sound, of which this organ-text had already given me some fairy glimpses, and of revealing to me at last the true music which is not only heard by the spirit-born but is born of the spirit itself.

My father went once every month on a kind of supernatural mission, as it seemed to us children, to an unknown and dimly conceived mansion or mountain palace in the hills. That is, he was chaplain to the old Grafinn von Wetstein, and once a month he preached before her on Sundays. Sometimes, on special occasions, an ornamental or state coach was sent for the pastor, who thus seemed rapt as in a celestial chariot from his family and the ordinary village folk.

One surprising day when the lad was between fourteen and fifteen the father said to him: "Put on thy best clothes, for to-morrow thou shalt go with me to the Grafinn."

It may well be imagined that there was not much sleep for the boy that night.

It would take too long to tell of the wonders of that journey in the state coach, of the foolish, but perhaps natural pride of sitting there above the common folk, and observing through the windows the respect paid by all to the magnificent and symbolic vehicle, if not to those who sat therein.

When we reached the *Schloss*, which stood high up on the hills amid woodland meadows and cow-pastures, then indeed the boy's expectation and excitement grew too painful almost to be borne. He passed through the gardens, with terraces and urns and statues, and the cascades of water that came down from great ponds, formed in the summits of the hills by building high stone walls and dams across the ravines. Later on he was even presented to the Grafinn, who, herself a wizened, faded old woman, stood beneath the portraits of her ancestors, by a great window in the gallery of the *Schloss*, overlooking the valleys and the champaign country beyond.

For some unknown reason this old woman, who scarcely spoke to any one and seemed to take no interest in the present world, looking, as it were, constantly out of the high windows into the driving cloudland, as though she saw there all her past life and the figures of all those who had alone made it dear to her, and who were themselves all gone into the cloudland of the infinite unseen, — this old woman, not at the first interview, but at the second or third, in the fresh mornings over the early coffee, took a strange liking for the little village lad. As this ill-assorted pair sat at the open window on the quiet summer evenings, far above the distant woodland and the forest meadows, face to face with the long streaks of solemn light along the horizon, an almost imperceptible murmur, so soft and gentle was it, passed up through the branches of the sycamore and chestnut trees and of the lower growing pines, and, mingling with the distant *Ranz des Vaches*, brought up as it seemed the life and struggles and sorrows of the plain and of the people into the ears of this worn-out, old, feeble aristocrat of the hills. She would say to the boy: "And what do you do, you children, in the winter nights, when you steal back in your night-dresses to the great fire, and the father is reading Terence? Tell it to me all again."

Finally, she insisted upon my staying with her for weeks at a time, and she bound herself to the pastor, by a written paper, to provide for my future career.

The boy led mostly a wild life, for his interviews with his patroness took place at odd times and hours, but he had some lessons from a resident cleric who superintended the household, and had other teachers more than perhaps any one knew.

My father had often told his listening family of the great nobles who would from time to time stay at the Schloss, and how he would be invited, being of a witty and conversational habit, derived probably from his reading in Terence, to dine with them. Some of these great noblemen I also saw at a distance in the garden or elsewhere; but on one occasion a young Graf came to stay some days with his great-aunt, having returned quite lately from the Italian tour with his tutor. This tutor, an Italian, performed wonderfully, it was said, on the violin. He was invited to play before the Grafinn, and the boy was admitted among the domestics of the Schloss.

Then, on a sudden, was revealed to him the secret which had escaped him so long, the consciousness of the existence of which had haunted him in the wind-swept meadow, and amid the awful swaying branches of the lofty trees.

I am not going to describe this playing. Attempts have been sometimes made to describe violin-playing in words, but rarely, I think, with much success. I shall only say that almost as soon as he began to play, what seemed to me then a singularly strange idea occurred to me. This man, I thought, is not playing on his instrument: he is playing on my brain. His violin is only as it were the bow, or rather, every note of his violin vibrates with the according note of the brain-fibre. I do not say that I put the thought exactly into these words; but these are the words into which, at the present time, I put the recollection of my thought. I need not point out how my ignorance erred in detail, how the brain has no extended strings corresponding to the strings of a violin, and consequently has no vibration, and therefore cannot respond to the vibrations of a violin; but I have since thought that there was more truth in this wild idea of a child's ignorance than would at first appear, and it seemed to lead the way to a second thought which crossed my mind in the transport of ecstasy produced by this, the first violin-playing worthy of the name which I had ever heard.

I knew the secret now, both of the entrancing whisper of the wind-music, and also why, at a certain point, it had failed.

The blind, senseless wind, blowing merely where it listed, had aroused the human spirit through the medium of grass and reed and rock and forest, and called it through the fairy gate into cloud and dreamland; but when, instead of the blind, senseless wind, the instructed human spirit itself touched the strings, music, born of cultured harmony, through all the long scale of octave and according pitch, won for the listening, rapt, ecstatic spirit an insight and an entrance into realms which the outward eye had not seen, the secrets of which it is not lawful or possible to utter to any save to the spirit-born.

"You seem absorbed in the music, my boy," said this gentleman to me; "do you play the violin, perchance?"

I said that I had played on no instrument save picking out harmonious thirds on an old harpsichord at the parsonage house. My father was perfectly an amateur; he loved music so much that he refused to play himself, or to allow any one else to play in his hearing save those who could play well; "playing a little" was his dread.

The gentleman shut up his precious violin in its case and produced another, on which he showed me the possibility of varying the note through every shade of pitch by the position of the finger on the vibrating string. It is impossible to describe the delight I felt when I was able to feel out a chord of three notes.

"I am violating your father's instructions perhaps," said the gentleman, smiling; "but every one must have a beginning. Nevertheless, he has much on his side. It has been said, rather cynically, 'The moment a man touches an instrument, he ceases to be a musician.'"

I did not understand this then, but I understood it well afterwards.

The gentleman left one of his less cherished instruments behind him, with some simple exercises which he enjoined me to practise only and to attempt nothing else, but I blush to say that I did not follow his advice. I played the chords he left me now and again, but I was absorbed in the one idea that his playing had left with me — the thought of the human spirit informing the senseless wind. I delighted only in the fancy that I was a mere automaton, and that the pervading spirit — the spirit that inspires man and breathes in nature — was playing through my spirit upon the obedient vibrating strings. In this way I played fantasias of the most striking and original character, and at the same time destroyed all my chances, or

ran a serious risk of doing so, of ever becoming a violinist.

Three quiet years passed in this manner, during which I lived almost constantly at Geiselwind with the Grafinn, who, in fact, treated me as her own son. At the end of that time she informed me that she intended to send me to the university of Wenigstaad. She chose this university for me, she told me, because it was near, but above all because it was not famous, but was, in fact, a mere appanage to a kingly city, and was therefore less likely to pervert from the correct and decorous habits in which they had been brought up the ideas and habits of young men. She would provide me with a sufficient income, and would take care that my wardrobe and appointments were those of a gentleman, a station which she wished me to occupy and to maintain without disgrace.

The habits of society in the universities and elsewhere were very different in those days from what they have since become. The old society of the days before the Revolution existed in its full strength. French taste in costume and amusements was universal; and the fashion of philosophic inquiry which was copied from the French was a mere intellectual toy, and had no effect upon the practical conclusions of those who amused themselves with it. The merits of republican institutions and the inviolability of the rights of man were discussed as abstract questions, without a thought that the conclusions would ever be applied to modern life, or to the daily relationships of nobles and peasants and townspeople. Before the bursting of the torrent which was to sweep it out of existence, the old world slumbered in a rainbow-tinted evening light of delicately fancied culture and repose.

The habits and appearance of university students have changed more completely than those of any other class. In the most advanced cities even in those days they dressed completely in the French manner, in embroidered suits and powdered hair, fluttering from toilette to toilette, and caring little for lectures or professors. In the old stately city of Wenigstaad, it may be easily understood, the ideas and habits of the past existed with a peculiar unchangeableness.

I regretted leaving the life of hill and forest and dreamy phantasy in which I had found so much to delight me, but the natural love of youth for change and adventure consoled me. One great advantage I derived from the choice the Grafinn had

made for me was that I did not change the character of my outward surroundings. I was nearly nineteen when I left Geiselwind and arrived one evening in a post-chaise at Wenigstaad.

The city lay in a wooded valley surrounded by hills covered to their summits with woods of beech and oak and fir; through these woods running streams and cascades forced their way now through the green mountain meadows, now over rocky steeps and dingles; a soft blue sky brooded over this green world of leaf and grass and song-birds, and sunlit showers swept over the woodland and deepened the verdure into fresher green. In the centre of this plain, almost encircled by a winding river, the city was built upon a hill which divided itself into two summits, upon one of which stood the cathedral and upon the other the king's palace. Between these summits the old town wound its way up past gates and towers and market-place and *Rathhaus* and the buildings of the university, with masses of old gabled houses of an oppressive height and of immemorial antiquity, with huge overhanging stories and tiers of rooms wandering on, apparently without plan or guide, from house to house and street to street—a human hive of intricate workmanship, of carpentry-work and stone-work and brick-work, all crowded together in the little space of the rising hill-street above the rushing stream, a space small in itself but infinite in its thronged stories of centuries of life—a vast grave, not only of generations of the dead, themselves lying not far from the foundations of their homes, but of buried hopes, of faded beauty, of beaten courage and stricken faith and patience crushed and lost at last in the unequal fight with fate. The dim cathedral, full of storied windows of deep blood-stained glass and of colossal figures of mailed heroes guarding emblazoned tombs, faced the king's palace, a massive, ivy-covered fortress relieved here and there with façades of carved work of the later Renaissance.

The tired horses of my postchaise struggled up over the stone pavement of this steep street amid the crowd of loiterers and traffickers and gay pleasure-seekers that thronged it, and drew up before the Three Roses in the Peterstrasse, where a room had been provided for me. Here I slept, and here I dined every day at an ordinary frequented by many of the principal citizens, by some of the wealthier students, and by some officials and courtiers, when it was not the turn of the latter

in waiting at the palace. This table was one at least of the centres of life and interest in the little kingly city.

To a boy, reared in a country parsonage and an old half-deserted manor house, all this, it may be conceived, was strange enough; but somehow it did not seem to me wholly strange. I had been trained at the table of the Grafinn to the usages of polite life, and the whispering wind and the solemn forests of my childhood had seemed to lift me above a sense of embarrassment, as though the passing scenes before me were but the shadows and visions of a dream. I looked down the long table at the varied faces, at the talkers and showy ones, at the grave citizens, at the quiet, humorous students, who now and then said a few words that turned the laugh against the talkers, at the courtiers affecting some special knowledge of affairs of state about which the king probably troubled himself little; and I remember that it all seemed to me like turning the pages of a story-book, or like the shifting scenes of a play, about which latter, though I had never seen one, I had read and heard much.

On the second and third day I found myself seated by a little elderly man, very elaborately dressed, with powdered hair and a beautifully embroidered coat. I have always felt an attraction towards old men; they are so polite, and their conversation, when they do talk, is always worth listening to. Something of this feeling, perhaps, showed itself in my manner. On the third day he said to me on rising from dinner: "I perceive, sir, that you are a stranger here; you seem to me to be a quiet, well-bred young man, and I shall be glad if I can be of any use to you. You are doubtless come to the university and are evidently well connected. I am a professor—a professor of belles-lettres and music, and I have been tutor to the crown prince. I may possibly be of some service to you; some of the great professors are rather difficult of access."

"I am the adopted son of the Grafinn von Wetstein, sir," I answered. "I have letters to several of the professors of the university, but I find them much occupied in their duties, and not very easy of approach."

"We will soon remedy all that," he said, smiling. "To what course of study are you most inclined, and what is the future to which your friends design you?"

"I fear, sir," I returned, "that my future is very undefined. I am, as you say you are a professor of music, very fond of the

violin; but I am a very poor performer, and I fear I shall never be a proficient."

"I profess music," said the old gentleman, with his quaint smile, "but I do not teach it; I only talk about it. I will introduce you, however, to a great teacher of the violin, and, indeed, if you would like it we can go to him now. This is about the time that we shall find him disengaged."

We went out together into the crowded market-place and turned to the left hand up a street of marvellous height, narrowness, and steepness, which led round the eastern end of the cathedral, and indeed nearly concealed it from sight. At the top of this street, on the side farthest from the cathedral, the vast west window of which could just be seen over the gables, chimneys, and stork-nests of the opposite houses, we stopped before the common door of one of the lofty old houses, against the posts of which were attached several *affiches*, or notices of differing forms, and material. Among these my companion pointed out one larger and more imposing than the rest: "Veitch, teacher of the violin."

"I ought to tell you," said the old gentleman, "that my daughter is reader to the princess, and that she comes to Herr Veitch for lessons on the violin, that she may assist her Highness. If the Graf von Wetstein should take lessons here also, he may possibly meet her."

"I beg your pardon," I said: "I must correct an important mistake. I am only the adopted son of the Grafinn von Wetstein. I am not the Graf; my name is Saale."

The old gentleman seemed rather disappointed at this, but he rallied sufficiently to say: "You may nevertheless meet my daughter, Herr von Saale."

It sounded so pleasantly that I had not the hardihood to correct him again.

I was accordingly introduced to every one in Wenigstaad as Herr von Saale, and I may as well say, once for all, that I did not suffer for this presumption as I deserved. Some weeks later on I received a letter from the Grafinn, in which she said: "I have noticed that you have been mentioned to me in letters as Otto von Saale. As I have chosen to adopt you, and as Saale is the name of a river, and therefore is to a certain extent territorial, I think perhaps that this may not be amiss; and I flatter myself that I have sufficient influence at the imperial court to procure for you a faculty which will enable you to add the prefix *von* to your

patronymic." Accordingly, some months afterwards I did receive a most important and wordy document; but I had by that time become so accustomed to my aristocratic title that I thought little of it, though its possession, no doubt, may have saved me from some serious consequences.

We have been standing too long on the staircase which led up to Herr Veitch's room on the second floor of the great rambling house. The room which the old gentleman led me into was one of great size, occupying the entire depth of the house. It had long, deep-latticed windows at either end raised by several steps above the level of the room; the window towards the front of the house looked down the steep, winding street; from the other I saw, over the roofs of the city, piled in strange confusion beneath the high-pitched windows of the upper town, a wide prospect of sky and river and valley, and the distant blue mountains and forests of the Fichtelgeberge, where my home had been.

The room was somewhat crowded with furniture, chiefly large old oaken presses or cabinets apparently full of books, a harpsichord, clavichord, and several violins. In the centre of this apartment, as he rose to receive us, stood an elderly man, rather shabbily dressed, with an absent expression in his face.

"Herr Veitch," said my guide, "permit me to present to you Herr von Saale, a young gentleman of distinguished family and connections, who has come to reside in our university. He is anxious to perfect himself in the violin, upon which he is already no mean performer."

I was amazed at the glibness with which this surprising old gentleman discoursed upon that of which he knew so little.

The old violinist looked at me with a dazed and even melancholy expression; his eyes seemed to me to say as clearly as words could have spoken: "Here is another frivolous impostor intruded upon me."

"Is this one of my daughter's days?" said my friend, the old gentleman.

"No, I expect her to-morrow about this time."

"The princess," said my friend, "is very shy; she dislikes taking lessons from men, and prefers to gain her knowledge of music from my daughter."

The old master took up a violin that lay upon the table and handed it to me. I played a simple lesson that had been left me by the Italian, the only one that had taken my fancy, for it had in its few notes,

as it seemed to me, something of the pleading of the whispering wind.

The old man took the violin from me without a word; then he drew the bow across the strings himself and played some bars, from I imagine some old forgotten Italian master. As he played the solemn chords of the sonata, in the magnetic resonance of its full, smooth, rich notes there was something that seemed to fill all space, to lead and draw the nerves and brain, as over gorgeous sun-colored pavements and broad stately terraces, with alluring sound and speech.

He laid down the violin after he had played for a few minutes and went to the harpsichord, which stood near to the window looking down into the street.

"You know something of music," he said to me; "do you understand this?"

He struck a single clear note upon the harpsichord and turned towards the window, a casement of which was open towards the crowded street.

"Down there," he said, "where, I know not, but somewhere down there, is a heart and brain that beats with that beat, that vibrates with the vibration of that note, that hears and recognizes and is consoled. To every note struck anywhere there is an accordant note in some human brain, toiling, dying, suffering, here below."

He looked at me and I said, "I have understood something of this also."

"This is why," he went on, "in music all hearts are revealed to us; we sympathize with all hearts, not only with those near to us but with those afar off. It is not strange that in the high treble octaves that speak of childhood and of the lark singing and of heaven, you, who are young, should hear of such things; but in the sudden drop into the solemn lower notes, why should you, who know nothing of such feelings, see and feel with the old man who returns to the streets and fields of his youth? He lives, his heart vibrates in such notes; his life, his heart, his tears exist in them, and through them in you. Just as one looks from a lofty, precipitous height down into the teeming streets of a great city, full of pigmy forms, so in the majestic march of sound we get away from life and its littleness, and see the whole of life spread out before us and feel the pathos of it with the pity of an archangel, as we could never have done in the bustle of the streets there below."

"You are cutting the ground from under my feet, my friend," said the old professor rather testily. "It is your busi-



ness to teach music, mine to talk about it."

The old master smiled at this sally, but he went on all the same. "I thought that he perceived in me a sympathetic listener."

"Have you never felt that in the shrill, clear, surging chords of the higher octaves you were climbing into a loftier existence, and do you not feel that for the race itself something like this is also possible? It will be in and through music that human thought will be carried beyond the point it has hitherto reached."

He paused a moment and then went on in a lower, less confident voice. "This is my faith, and I shall die in it. There is one thing only which saddens me. There are men, ay, great performers, real masters of the bow, who know nothing of these things, who have no such faith. There is none whom I would sooner regard as a devil than such a one. Sometimes when I hear them they almost destroy the faith that is in me — the faith in my art."

"Pooh! pooh! my friend," said the professor. "They are not so bad as that. They have simply the divine gift of the perception of harmony — the instinctive harmonic touch. They know not why or how. They are not devils. Herr von Saale," he went on, with for him considerable earnestness, "do not believe it. I fancy that you are in danger of falling into the fatal error of supposing that you can play on the violin in the same way that you can whistle an air, by the mere force of the mental faculty. You cannot form a more mistaken notion. The variation of the thirty-secondth of an inch in the sudden movement of the finger on the string will cause the note to be out of tune; and the man who puts his finger on the right spot at the right second of time, though he may have no more mental instinct than a pig, will produce in the utmost perfection the chords of the most angelic composer."

"I deny it!" cried the master, in a kind of fury, walking up and down the long room, "I deny it! There is true sympathy and co-operation in the nerves and tissues of this faithful despised servant, the material human frame, even to the finger-tips, with the informing, teaching spirit. There is a tremor, a shading, a trill of meaning, given by the spirit to the nerves and tissues, that no instinctive touch of harmony will ever give. The ancient Greeks (as you ought to know, Herr Professor, for you speak of them

often enough) had no music worthy of the name, for they had no instruments; but had they had our instruments they would have produced the most ravishing music, for the spirit taught them what music was apart from outward sound, and they talked as beautifully as you talk in your lecture-room of the divine laws of motion and of number, and of the harmonies of sound and of the mind."

The professor seemed rather taken aback by this onslaught, and turning to me, said: "Well, Herr von Saale, you had better come with me; I will show you some of the sights of our kingly city. You shall come to Herr Veitch to-morrow, when perhaps you will see my daughter."

He seemed to me strangely willing that I should see his daughter.

He took me into the great cathedral and showed me the gigantic mailed figures that guarded the tombs of the kings, talking very learnedly upon heraldry, about which he seemed to know a great deal. The next morning I went to Herr Veitch at the appointed time and found him alone, playing over a set of old Italian sonatas. He seemed to have been much put out by the professor's remarks of the day before, and to regard me with kindness as having been apparently on the opposite side; but when he came to talk to me I did not see much difference between his advice and that of the professor.

"The professor is so far right," he said, "in that of all instruments the violin needs the most careful study, the most practised fingering, the most instinctive aptitude of ear and touch. It is all very well to talk of expression, but expression with faulty execution is fatal on the violin. It is true that some of the most entrancing players have been self-taught amateurs, but they were such because they had musical genius by birth, and it was therefore possible to them to be amateurs and to be self-taught. In concerted music no amount of expression will enable a performer to take his part or to be tolerated. What pleases me in your playing is that you are able to produce smooth and sweet notes; the scrappy, scratchy period with you has apparently been short. What you want is greater certainty of touch and ear. This can only be obtained by patient labor and study."

I set to work to play lessons, and while we were thus engaged the door opened and a young lady entered accompanied by a tall and imposing domestic in the royal livery. I did not need to be told that this



was the professor's daughter, the Fräulein Adelheid, the reader to the princess. She appeared to me on this, the first time that my eyes rested upon her, a handsome, stately girl, with a steady, fixed look, and grave, solemn eyes and mouth, which seldom changed their expression or smiled. She was rather above the common height, with fair brown hair and eyes, and was richly dressed in white, with a lace kerchief across her shoulders, and a broad white hat with a crimson feather. She seemed to me a true German girl with earnest, steadfast truth and feeling; but I did not fall in love with her at first sight.

"This is Otto von Saale, Fräulein," said the master, "whom your father introduced to me yesterday, and of whom he may have spoken to you. He is very fond of music and the violin, and your father seemed much taken with him. His *forte* is expression."

The Fräulein regarded me without embarrassment, with her steady brown eyes. "Do you play in concert, Herr von Saale?" she said.

"He is not quite equal to that yet," said Herr Veitch. "The prospect of playing with you will, I am confident, inspire him with resolve to practise with the necessary patience."

"That will be very well timed," she said serenely, "as we want to perform a trio before the princess."

"He must work some time before he can do that," observed Herr Veitch decisively.

They set to work to play, and I confess that I felt indescribable mortification in being unable to take a part. All my beautiful fantasias and wind-music seemed at the moment nothing to the power of joining in a concerted piece. The beauty of the playing, however, soon soothed my ruffled vanity and banished every thought save that of delight. The master and pupil were playing in perfect accord both in feeling and sympathetic touch—the old man and the stately, beautifully dressed girl—it was a delicious banquet of sight and sound.

After they had played some time, Herr Veitch said, to my great delight: "Otto will play you a lesson of his which the whispering woodlands of his mountains have taught him. You will like it."

I took the bow with a tremor of delight and excitement. I played my very best. I endeavored only to listen to, to think only, of the woodland voices that had spoken to the child; and after a few moments I seemed, indeed, once again

to be a child beside the lance-like waving rushes with their sunny dance music by the pool, or beneath the solemn poplars with the weird and awful notes that sounded amid their distant branches high above me in the sky. When I stopped I fancied that the brown eyes looked at me with a softer and more kindly gaze.

"He will do," said the master; "he will play the trio before the princess anon, if he will be good."

For several days I was very good; I practised continually notes and scales and bars and shades of pitch, both with the master and in my chamber at the Three Roses, where, had I not been in Germany, I should no doubt have been thought a nuisance. I saw the Fräulein Adelheid almost every day, and was allowed once or twice to play in a simple piece. So everything seemed to prosper, when one fatal day I broke waywardly loose from this virtuous and regular course. It was after this manner that it came about.

One morning in the late summer I woke up with a sudden surprising sense of a crisp freshness, of a sudden strain of livelier color shot through sky and woodland, of a change beginning to work through masses of brown foliage and cloudless summer sky. The touch was that of the angel of decay; but the first signs of his coming were gentle and gracious, with a sense even of life-giving in that new feeling of a change. The first day of autumn had dawned. As I rose, intending to go to the master, the city lay in a wonderful golden mist through which the old streets and gables and spires seemed strange to the sight, with the romantic vision, almost, of a dream. An intense longing possessed me for the woods and hills. It seemed to me as if a far-off voice from the long past hours of childhood was calling me to the distant rocks and forests; a faint, low voice, like that strange whisper through the short grass, to hear which at all you must lay your ear very close indeed to the ground; a note untuned, uncertain, untrammelled, but with a strange, alluring power, making itself felt amid the smooth, cultured, artistic sounds to which I had given myself up, and saying, as in the old harmonic thirds which as a child I had used to pick out, "Come back to me." I was engaged to Herr Veitch, but it was uncertain whether the Fräulein would be able to come. There was some talk that the princess would make an excursion with a guest of distinction into the mountains, and her reader might possibly be required

to accompany her. The princess was understood to be very shy, and to surround herself as much as possible with her ladies and women.

The irresistible impulse was too strong for me. I sent a message to Herr Veitch, and hastened out of the confining streets, past the crumbling gates and towers, into the valley and the fields. I wandered down the banks of the stream, by which the road ran, for some hours, until the sun was high in the heavens, and every sound and leaf was hushed in the noon-tide stillness and heat. Then, crossing the river at a ferry, where a little village and some mills stayed its current for a time, I ascended a steep path into the wooded meadows, whence the seductive voice seemed still to come. In a broad, upland valley that sloped downwards to the plain and to the river, I came upon a wide, open meadow skirting the wild, pathless wood. Here, at a corner of the out-standing copse, I saw to my surprise a number of horses picketed and apparently deserted by their grooms, and turning the corner of the wood I saw in the centre of the meadow an unexpected and most beautiful sight.

In the midst of the meadow, only, as it seemed, a few paces from me, was a group of gentlemen in hunting costume, some with long curved horns slung at their backs. Some servants and grooms were collected a few paces behind them, but a little to the side nearest to me, close to two men of distinguished appearance some paces in advance of the rest, stood the most beautiful creature that I had ever seen. She was dressed as a huntress of romance, in green trimmed with white, and a hat fringed with white feathers, and a small silver bugle hung by her side. But it was not her dress, or her figure, that gave her the indescribable charm that made her so lovely; it was the bewitching expression of her face. Her features might possibly have been described as large, but this, as her complexion was of perfect delicacy and freshness, only increased the subduing charm of the shy, fleeting, coy expression about her eyes and mouth. Two ladies stood close behind her, neither of whom was the Fräulein, but I knew at once that this could be none other than the princess. No family of pure German origin could have produced such a face; she sprang, doubtless, as is becoming to a daughter of kings, from a mixed race.

A perfect stillness and hush, as of expectation, pervaded the scene; even the

well-trained horses made no movement as I passed by them. One of the grooms caught a glimpse of me and made a slight sign; then, just as the group had settled itself on my sight, a slight, scarcely perceptible rustle was heard in the wood, and a stag of full age and noble bearing came out into the meadow and stood at gaze, startled but not alarmed. One of the gentlemen in front raised a short hunting-piece, and the princess, in a soft, sweet undertone that penetrated all the listening air and left an imperishable memory upon the heart, exclaimed: "Oh, do not kill it! How beautiful it is!"

A short, sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and the stag leaped suddenly into the air and fell lifeless, shot between the eyes.

There was a sudden outbreak of exclamation and talk, a rush of the hunters towards the fallen beast. Two or three of the gentlemen drew around the princess and her ladies, as if to protect her, and in the excitement no one noticed me. I stood for a moment or two, my eyes fixed on this changing, sensitive, inexpressibly beautiful face. Then the beaters and foresters came out of the wood; some remained with the fallen stag, and the rest of the party moved on farther up into the forest followed by the grooms and horses. I returned at once, silent and fancy-struck, to the city, and passed the rest of the day and the entire night in a dream.

The next morning I made my best excuses to Herr Veitch, and tried to settle to my work, but I found that this was impossible until I had made a full confession. He took it very quietly and as a matter of course; not so, however, did the Fräulein, a day or two afterwards, when he revealed the whole story to her. She looked at me strangely with her great brown eyes as one who foresaw some great danger awaiting me; and I wondered, in vain, from what quarter it would come.

I made great progress under her tuition. In playing with her in unison I learned more in a few minutes than in any other way. The instinct of fingering seemed to come naturally by her means, by her gentle guidance, by her placid rule. Here again outward harmonies of nature and of art corresponded in its contrast with the life of the spirit; with the rapt, entrhralling passion of love which had come upon me by the vision in the forest, and with the calm sympathy which was growing up in my heart with the Fräulein, smooth, broad, tranquil, as the full, harmonious chords which she taught me to play. But with all this I confess that the prevailing

thought of my mind was that I should some day, and that soon, take my part in this music before the lovely princess; that I should see again that indescribable, enchanting face.

"We are getting on," said Herr Veitch; "we shall be ready soon."

"Let us have a rehearsal," said Adelheid, with her grave, gentle smile; "let us have a rehearsal to-morrow in Das Vergnügen, in the garden valley of the palace."

Below the palace, on the side farthest from the city, the wooded valley formed a fairy garden of terraces and of streams flowing down from the hills. In the bottom of the valley were buildings, somewhat on a small scale, after the fashion of the French garden palaces of Trianon and Marly, and in these little houses some of the court officials had rooms. The professor and his daughter occupied one of the most charming suites of apartments, opening upon a wide lawn beneath the terraced garden leading up to the palace, broken up by clipped hedges and rows of statues. I had never seen this garden of romance until the afternoon of the rehearsal. In the excitement and nervousness of the hour I was dimly conscious of a solemn blue sky overhead, of the dark foliage of the dying summer rising on the steep hillsides on every hand, of a still afternoon full of sombre tints and sleeping sunlight, of the late-flowering china-roses and the tall asters, of massive wreaths of clematis, of a sense of finished effort and growth, and of a hush and pause before decay set in and brought the end of life and of the year; the little stone palace with its carved pilasters and wreaths of fruit and flowers, the weather-stained, moss-tinted statues and urns, — of all this I was dimly conscious as in a dream.

The Herr Professor was more than usually spruce in his apparel. I had purchased, boylike, a new dress for the occasion. It was the period of frizzled, powdered hair, and lace and embroidery. A man who wore plain clothes and his hair *au naturel* was considered eccentric and of doubtful character. We formed a group on the little inclosed grass-plot outside the windows of the professor's sitting-room, separated from the great lawns by the low clipped hedges and the wreathed urns. I noticed that the Fräulein seemed anxious and almost expectant, and was continually turning her head in the direction of the palace gardens. At last she said to her father: "I fear that I have

committed a blunder. I begged to be excused from attending the princess, and I told her that I was going to practise with the master here, but I said nothing of Otto, or that he would be here. It is quite possible that the princess may come down through the gardens to hear the master play."

The professor shrugged his shoulders. "It is too late now," he said; "the sight of Otto will not kill her."

"No," said his daughter, doubtfully; but she shook her head as though a catastrophe was very imminent.

A tremor of excitement and of suppressed delight passed through my frame. If the mere thought of the rehearsal had excited me, what must I have felt at such a possibility as this?

We began to practise the trio with the violoncello and two violins. The violin parts were very lively and quick; but the great charm of the piece lay in some perfectly modulated chords of great beauty distributed through all the parts in a sustained, broad, searching tone on the fourth string. Herr Veitch played the violoncello with consummate skill. We had played the piece nearly through when Adelheid suddenly ceased and turned in the direction of the wider lawns to which was access between the urns; and the next moment the same lovely creature I had seen some days before, but now very differently dressed, came through the opening in the low hedge, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, evidently of high rank, whom I also recognized as one of the ladies I had seen in the wood. The princess looked for a moment serenely at the group, who drew backward a step or two and bowed very low; but the next moment, as her eyes fell upon me, she flushed suddenly, and her face assumed an expression of embarrassment and even reproof.

"I did not understand that you had strangers here, Fräulein," she said, and stopped.

"This, Royal Highness," said Adelheid, bowing very low, "is a young gentleman, Otto von Saale, who is to play in the trio. It did not occur to me to mention him to the Royal Highness."

The princess looked very disconcerted and mortified, but her embarrassment only made the unique expression of her face more exquisitely piquant and enchanting. I would willingly have risked untold penalties to secure such a sight. The young lady who accompanied her regarded me with an expression of loathing animosity

and contempt, as much as to say, "What do you mean by using your miserable existence to get us into this scrape?"

The professor came to the rescue with great *aplomb*. Herr Veitch evidently regarded the whole matter with lofty contempt.

"If the Royal Highness will deign to take a seat," said the professor, "she may still hear the trio rehearsed. We will regard Otto as second violin merely. One violin is much like another."

"Oh, sit down, my princess," said the young lady, coaxingly; "I should so like to hear the violins."

The princess hesitated, and looked still more enchantingly confused and shy, but she sat down at last. It was reported that, as a boy, her brother, the crown prince, had been mortally in dread of the professor. It is possible that his sister may have conceived something of a similar feeling.

We played the trio through. In spite of my excitement I had the sense to take the greatest pains. I kept my attention perfectly fixed upon my playing, and the clear notes in unison came in perfectly true and in time. When we had finished there was a short embarrassed pause. Then Adelheid whispered to me: "Play that lesson of yours of the woodland breeze."

Scarcely knowing what I did I began to play; but I had not finished the opening bars before a slight change in the attitude of the princess attracted my eyes, and suddenly, as if by inspiration, I conceived the fancy that I was playing to a creature of the forest and of the wind. She was sitting slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the woodland slope before her, her slight, lithe figure and prominent, speaking features like no offspring of common clay, but innate in that primeval god-sprung race of the golden hours, before the iron, horny-handed sons of men had filled the earth with toil and sorrow and grime; the race from which had sprung the creatures that had filled romance with elf-legends and stories of elf-kings and ladies, and beings of gentle and fairy birth; for, as the untrammelled wood-notes that stole across the strings now sunk into a whisper, now swelled into full, rich chords and harmonies, I could almost fancy that I saw this glorious creature, while the mystic notes lasted, grow into a more serene and genial life, as though she breathed an air to which she was native, and heard once again the wild notes of the hills and of the winds in the sere antique forest

country that was hers by right of royal ancient birth.

As I played the concluding notes the princess rose and stood before us once again, as I had seen her stand in the forest meadow when she had pleaded unavailingly, in those marvellous tones which would never pass from my memory, for the beautiful stag. Then she bowed very courteously to the others and, taking no notice whatever of me, moved away, attended by her companion.

## II.

### NARRATIVE.

THERE is a gap in Otto von Saale's autobiography, which it may be well to fill up from other sources, as we shall by this means obtain a knowledge of some incidents of which he could not possibly have been cognisant.

Two or three days after the rehearsal in the palace garden the princess was seated in her own room in the palace, accompanied only by her reader. The relationship between the two was evidently, in private, of the most intimate character.

The room was high in the palace, and a surpassing view lay before the windows. Immediately in front, over a terrace or glacis planted with sycamore-trees, the roofs and gables and chimneys of the old city lay like a great snake, or rather like several great snakes, climbing the ridges of its steep streets, and crowned with the spires and towers of its cathedral and churches and *Rathhaus* and university halls. Over and beyond this stretched a vast extent of wooded valleys and hills, of forest and mountain and glancing river, of distant blue stretches of country indistinguishable and unknown, and in the remote distance along the sky-line a faint range of snow-clad peaks. A vast expanse of cloudland, strange and varied as the earth itself, and almost as tangible and real, filled the upper regions of this landscape with motion and life and varied form. It was evening, and the night clouds had piled themselves in threatening and lurid forms above the dark, wind-tossed forest land. The white smoke-wreaths from the city curled up before the cathedral towers, and the storks and kites in long trailing flocks wended their way home from the distant fields. The princess sat, still and silent, looking out over the wide prospect, with searching, questioning eyes, that seemed to penetrate beyond its furthest bound.

"I am still listening," she said at last, "to that violin lesson that the young man, — Otto von Saale did you call him? — played the other day. Is he considered to be a great performer? In its echoing repeats I seemed to hear voices that I had never heard before, and yet which seemed as though they were the voices of my kin, that told me whence I came, and who I was, and what I might become."

"He plays with surpassing feeling," replied Adelheid, "and with delicacy of shading and of touch, most surprising as he is only a novice at the violin. You may judge of this when you remember how simple the piece was that he played — a few chords constantly repeated — yet he made them, as you say, speak to the heart, a different utterance for every chord. His *forte* is expression."

"Is he in love with you?" said the princess, with the calmest, most unmoved manner and tone.

"No."

"You are in love with him?"

"Yes, I love him, for he is in every way worthy to be loved. But it is of little importance what I think of him. He is hopelessly, desperately, passionately in love with you."

"In love with me?" The princess did not move, and not the faintest shade of deeper color flushed her cheek; but the faint, shy, kindly smile deepened, and the questioning eyes softened to an expression which was certainly that of supreme, amused beneficence — possibly of something else. "In love with me!" When did he ever see me before?"

"He saw you some days ago in the forest; the day that the Prince von Schongau shot the stag."

The princess sat quite still, looking out upon the southern sky, which was all aglow with a red reflected light. Long dark lines of cloud, like bars of some Titanic prison-house, drew themselves out across the sky; and the masses of cloud, tinged with a sudden glow of crimson, formed a wild contrast with the faint blue of the dying sky, and the green of the waving woodlands below. The deepening glow spread higher over the whole heaven, till the world below became suffused with its sober brilliance, and tower and gable and the climbing ridges of the street and the white smoke-wreaths shone in the mellow light. The distant stretch of country flushed with this mystic light, which certainly was not of earth, seemed instinct with a quivering life — the life of forest and farm-people — the life of

hidden townships too distant to be discerned — of rivers bordered with wharves and shipping — the life of a kingdom of earth; and in her mountain eyrie, with set, wistful eyes, over the regions of her father's rule, the princess sat at gaze, a creature slight, shy, delicate, yet born of eagle race.

Her companion waited for some words, but they did not come; then she spoke herself.

"He was born among the forests of the Fichtelgeberge, and has listened to the spirits of the wood and mountain from a child; that is why he plays so well."

"Yes," said the princess, "that is why, in his playing, I heard a talk that I had long wished to hear — a speech which seemed familiar and yet which I had never heard here — the speech of a people from which my race is sprung. And you say that he is in love with me?"

"Yes," said Adelheid, somewhat sadly; "at this moment he would give worlds to see you again."

"Oh, he shall see me again," said the princess, with her quaint, shy smile; "he shall see me again; he shall play before the king. More than that, — he shall marry you!"

. . . . .

The king was a strikingly handsome, tall, distinguished man, of between fifty and sixty years of age. His father had died when he was a boy, and he had been brought up by his mother as regent of the kingdom. She was a very clever woman and surrounded her son with the most superior men she could attract to her court. She trained him in the most exalted ideas of his position and responsibility, and when she died, after having with much difficulty found a wife whom she considered to be suitable for him, she left him, at the age of five-and-twenty, profoundly impressed with the conviction that something wonderful was expected of him in every action and word. As he was a man of very moderate capacities, though perfectly good-natured and conscientious, this impression might possibly have placed him in very painful predicaments; but the king very wisely fell back early in life on the obvious alternative of doing absolutely nothing and saying very little. It may surprise some persons to be told how wonderfully the country prospered under this imposing, but silent and inactive monarch. He had been as a boy impressed with the misery of some classes of his people, and he had been known as



a young man to absent himself from court for days together and to wander, attended only by one companion, among the poor and struggling classes; and the only occasions on which he spoke at the Privy Council were when he advocated the passing of some measure which his plain common sense told him would be beneficial to his people. He was therefore immensely popular and was thought, even by many of his familiar courtiers, to be a man of remarkable ability. He had a habit of repeating the last words of any one who spoke to him with an air by which he seemed to appropriate all the wisdom which might be contained in them to himself. "I have been attending the Privy Council, sire." "Ah! you have been attending the Privy Council, yes." And it really was difficult not to fancy that you had been listening to a long and exhaustive treatise upon privy councils generally and their influence on the government of States; so perfect was the manner of the king.

"Sire," said the princess to her father, the same evening on which she had had the talk with Adelheid, "I wish you to hear a young performer on the violin, Otto von Saale, who is a pupil of Herr Veitch. I heard him once by accident in Das Vergnügen. I wish him," continued the princess, with serene candor, after a slight pause, "I wish him to marry the Fräulein."

"Yes?" said the king, "you wish him to marry the Fräulein? I have observed, on more than one occasion, that efforts of this character may be abortive."

The king paused, as though on the point of saying more, but apparently doubting whether he could safely venture upon further assertion, he remained silent. After a pause he went on: "You consider this young man to be a promising performer?"

"His *forte*," replied the princess, "as the Fräulein says, is expression. His playing has a strange fascination for me."

"Ah!" replied the king, "his *forte* is expression. Good! When do you wish me to hear this young man?" he continued after a pause.

"I thought we might have a chamber concert of music after supper, on one of the evenings that the Prince von Schongau is here. Herr Veitch and the Fräulein will play."

Except on occasions of great state the king and his family supped in private, a second table being provided for the cour-

tiers. A strict etiquette was observed in the palace, similar to, and founded upon, that of Versailles.

On the evening upon which the princess had finally decided, a somewhat larger company than usual assembled in the great *salle*. The doors were thrown open shortly after supper, and the chamberlain with his white wand announced, after the manner of the French court: "Gentlemen! The king!"

The great *salle* was floored with marble, and surrounded with marble pillars on every side. A thousand lights flickered on the countless jewels that decked the assembly. Great vases of flowers filled the corners, and graced the tables of the room.

The king came forward with long-accustomed composure to the seat provided for him, near to a harpsichord in the centre of the *salle*; a step behind him followed the princess. She was *en pleine toilette*, sparkling with jewels, and if Otto von Saale had had any worlds to give, he might almost have been pardoned had he given them for such a sight; for a creature more delicately beautiful — so absolutely set apart and pure from aught that is frivolous and vain, and yet so winning in the unconscious piquancy of her loveliness — he would scarcely find elsewhere. She was followed by several ladies, and three or four gentlemen, preceded by a prince of a royal house, who had formed part of the king's supper-party, brought up the rear of the procession.

The king sat in his chair a little in advance of the rest; on either side of him were seated the princess and the crown-prince, and the ladies and gentlemen who had had the honor of supping with the royal party were seated behind them. Herr Veitch played the violoncello, and the professor was prepared to accompany on the harpsichord, so far as that instrument was capable of accompanying the violins.

The attitude and expression of the king were delightful to watch. He sat back in his chair, his fingers meeting before his chest, a faint smile of serene beneficence on his beautifully cut features — a gracious, presiding power of another and a loftier sphere.

One or two pieces were played first, then came a trio of Corelli's, in which the harpsichord took no part.

Did it sound in the princess's ear alone, or did there run through all the wealth of pure harmonies a strange new quality of tone? Wild, glancing, in tune yet un-



tuned and untuned, like the silver thread of the brooklet through the grass, or the single changeless wood-note of the breeze wailing through the organ harmonies of the midnight mass in a mountain chapel. It spoke to the princess's heart, as she sat some little space backward from her father's chair, her delicate steadfast face fixed upon the scene before her, which, doubtless, she did not see. It seemed to speak of an alluring lawlessness, of that life of unconventional freedom, of that lofty rule and dominion over their own fate and circumstance, of that free gratification of every instinct and faculty, which has such an attraction to the highly born. It seemed to call her with a resistless power back into a pristine life of freedom which was hers by right of ancient ancestral birth, a world of freedom and love and unquestioned prerogative which belonged to the nobles of the golden age. Almost she was persuaded by the searching power of its magic note to believe that all things belonged to the *élite* of earth's children — the favorites of life, those delicately nurtured and born to the purple of the world's prismatic rays. Should she listen to this siren chord it might even happen to her to lose that stainless insight which its wild tone had itself evoked; but, in the perfection of a concerted piece, its wild uniqueness was kept by grace of finished art in pitch and vibration true to the dominant concord of pure harmony, an existence and creation as it were in harmonious sound, of which it formed a part. To the princess as she listened to the vibrating strings it seemed that, with a vision beyond her years, so potent in suggestion is music, she looked into another world, as one looks down from a lofty precipitous height into the teeming streets of a great city, and the pigmy crowds are instinct with a strange interest — a world of human suffering and doubt and terror, of love unrequited, of righteousness unrecognized, of toil and sorrow and despair unrelieved, until, in the thronged theatres and market-places, where life stands waiting its abiding doom — the times and seasons of the world's harvest being fully ripe — the riddle of righteousness and of wrong is answered, and in the sad grey dawn of the eternal day the dividing sickle is put in.

There was a pause in the wave of sound, and the princess was dimly conscious that Otto von Saale was playing alone. So magnetic was the searching tone that there seemed nothing in the wide universe save herself and his strange

impalpable personality that approached her in mystic sound; but happily beyond and above its sorcery was once more felt the sense of restraining, abiding, cultured harmony — the full, true, settled chords, and the according regular law and sequence of time and pitch.

Then she knew that all were standing up, and she rose in her seat by the side of the king. A peculiar lustre of gracious courtesy shone in the monarch's attitude and manner. "Herr Veitch," he was saying, "we thank you; the princess thanks you. I perceive" — here his Majesty paused for a moment to give importance to what was to come — "I perceive, sir, that your *forte* is expression." The most wearied cynic must have felt a glow of genuine pleasure as the king said these words, so contagious was the regal, benevolent satisfaction that the exigencies of the occasion had been fitly met.

Otto bowed low before the king, then he turned to salute the princess; but, as he looked up, his eyes met her marvellous eyes, and were fixed by a magic spell, so intense, searching, personal and yet abstracted, was the look they met. His entire being was caught up and rapt into hers in an ecstasy of ravishment. Had the gaze lasted another second he must have fainted away.

### III.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

I DID not go to Herr Veitch until some days after the concert at the palace; indeed, I did not care to go. I felt as though I had broken with all continent and decorous life, and was entering upon a delirious course of adventure such as I had read of in some fatal romance of ill-repute, whose course was unnatural and ghastly even in its delights, and whose end was tragic and disastrous. I was appalled even at the splendor of my dream.

But when I did muster courage to go to the master, I was astonished to find that nothing seemed to have happened at all. Herr Veitch did not even appear to have noticed my absence. He was in a very propitious humor, and complimented me very much on my playing at the palace. "I never knew you," he said, "play with so much certainty and correctness. There is always in your playing a certain originality which might become, as I have often told you, a great snare, indeed fatal in its results. So long, however, as you play as conscientiously as you did the other night, though there will always

be a singularity in your style to which some might object, yet you will stand, to my mind, among the great performers on the violin." I had never heard the old man utter such praise before.

Nor did I at first notice anything in the manner of the *Fräulein* towards me, which would show that she was conscious of the necessity for any change. But there soon came a change, which was entirely of my own bringing about. I neglected the master and the violin. I hardened my heart against the *Fräulein*, and especially avoided the hours when I thought she would be with Herr Veitch. Her wistful eyes had no effect upon me, so foolish and delirious had I become.

One day Herr Veitch said to me, "Yesterday the *Fräulein* brought us great news. The princess is betrothed to the Prince von Schongau, who has been staying so long at the palace. He was present, you remember, on the evening of the concert."

I was conscious that my face wore a contemptuous, unbelieving sneer. In my madness I thought to myself that I knew much better than to believe such foolish gossip.

At last Herr Veitch took me seriously to task. "Something has happened to you," he said; "you are bewitched, some evil eye has fascinated you. You are no longer the same sensible, pleasant lad that you were. The *Fräulein* notices it also. She says she does not know what is come over you. I tell her that all young men are fools."

I did not deign to answer the good old man, but left him with my nose in the air. Indeed, I seemed to tread on air. I thought of nothing but palace gardens and Hyrcanian woods full of terrible delights and secret pleasures. I believed myself to be altogether separate from my fellows, and to be reserved for some supreme exceptional fate. I am not willing to dwell longer than I can help upon this period, the remembrance of which is most distasteful to me. I shall have to describe at some length the supreme and crowning act of folly, and this must suffice the reader.

But in simple honesty, and to relieve my own conscience by public confession, I must relate one incident, so fatuous and unworthy was it, so nobly and graciously forgiven and condoned. I had not been to Herr Veitch for many days; but one morning an unconquerable impulse forced me to visit him. I believe that I was impelled, with all my assumed scepticism, to

seek more tidings of the Prince von Schongau and his reported espousals. I had quite lost count of the *Fräulein*'s mornings, and, indeed, I am ashamed to say that I had ceased to think of her. I was therefore somewhat chagrined when, on entering the room, I found myself in her presence, as well as in that of Herr Veitch. My manner must have been singularly constrained and boorish, and I could see that the master regarded me with disapproval, not to say contempt. In spite of my affected indifference, I could see that Adelheid was watching me with wistful and pitiful eyes. Some evil demon made my heart harder and more scornful than ever; and I conceived the most hateful and injurious thoughts against one whose sweetness and devotion ought, on the contrary, to have filled me with affectionate devotion. I played badly, and this only increased my spiteful and angry mood. So violent did my passion and an evil conscience at last make me, that I threw down my violin in a fit of ungovernable temper and rushed out of the room. I wandered restlessly about the streets for some time, in a kind of frenzy against mankind in general, my mind filled with the image of the princess, and with a sense of intolerable wrong that my exceptional fortune was not recognized by all the world,—so confident was I in my infatuation. At last it suddenly occurred to me to go to the theatre, where, the *Fräulein* had said, the royal family were expected to be present. Lost in the crowded and enthusiastic audience, which would doubtless fill the place—the report of the betrothal being spread throughout the city—I might see the princess and indulge a secret sense of my exclusive fate.

When I entered the theatre at the bottom of the Peterstrasse, however, I found a rumor already current that the king was not well and could not be present, and that the princess refused to come without him. Whether the strange crown-prince would visit the theatre alone, no one seemed to pretend to know.

I shall remember that evening as long as I live. The little old-fashioned theatre, as I know now it must have been, so different from the great theatres I have since seen at Dresden and Berlin, seemed to me, then, to be the most gorgeous of pleasure-places, blazing with lights and crowded with what was to me a gay and brilliant throng of superbly dressed and ornamented people. I found a vacant place in the pit near the orchestra. When

I entered the curtain had not risen, but the orchestra were playing. The band consisted mostly of violins, and would, no doubt, be considered poor and thin at the present day, but such music has, to my mind, a subtle, delicate tone which is missed now. I did not know what the overture was, and curiously enough I have never heard it again; probably it was some local composition; but there is sounding in my ears, as I write, the simple, thrilling air, the repeating chords. The music ceased and the curtain rose.

Up to this time the royal box opposite the stage had remained empty, and the audience had manifested a restless impatience which paid no attention to anything, either in the orchestra or upon the stage; but the actors had hardly begun their parts when the attention, which was now being attracted towards them, was suddenly diverted in another direction, and a young, distinguished-looking man entered the royal box. His breast was a mass of stars and orders, and the rest of his apparel was covered with embroidery and lace; but his tall, slight figure, and the careless self-respect of his manner, enabled him to support so much finery with success. He came down without pause to the front of the box and remained standing, while the actors, dropping their parts, sang a verse of the national folksong, accompanied by the audience and supported by the band. The prince bowed once slightly, then stood quite still, facing the enthusiastic house. From his point of view, doubtless, he saw a waving sea of faces, tumultuous, indistinguishable, indistinct; but in my eyes and to my thought, as I stood lost in the tossing, excitable crowd about me, there was no one in the whole theatre but myself and him. As I looked at him, a wild antagonism, an insane confidence and desire to pit myself against him, took possession of me. My folly even went so far as to picture to my mind a lovely, broken-hearted creature, bound to a betrothal odious to her, stretching out her hand towards another fate. The prince had sat down in his box, slightly wearied in his daily round of life, not expecting very much entertainment from the play; more pleased, perhaps, at the gay scene the crowded theatre itself presented to his eyes, perfectly unaware, certainly, of the ferocious glances one of the audience in a remote corner was directing towards his unconscious person.

I spent the ensuing night and day in a fever of passionate excitement; but on

the next afternoon an event occurred which reduced every other consideration to worthlessness, and exaggerated the delirium from which I suffered to the highest pitch. On my return to the Three Roses from attending a lecture of the university—for I did attend lectures sometimes—I found a royal footman waiting for me with a note from the princess. The world seemed to swim before my eyes as I took the billet from the man. It had been given him by the princess herself, he said, who had charged him to deliver it to no one but myself.

I opened the billet and read: "The princess Cynthia will be in Das Vergnügen, on the terrace above the cascades, this evening at eleven o'clock. She wishes to see Herr von Saale there without fail."

Even in the state of exaltation in which I had lived for some days, I could scarcely believe my senses. Yet there could be no possible doubt that the message was a genuine one. The billet was distinguished from ordinary letters by its paper, and was closed with a massive seal bearing the royal arms.

To this moment it is a mystery to me how I passed the intervening hours from the time the man left me till eleven o'clock. I know that at the time the thought of this necessity overwhelmed me with despair. I have some misty recollection of wandering down the valley by the river, of gibbering passing forms which with intolerable intrusion seemed to force themselves between me and the only conceivable event towards which all human history had been tending since the world began.

The garden of Das Vergnügen was defended against intrusion by natural boundaries, very slightly assisted by art. The valley on the palace side was impregnable, and the steep, rocky, wooded slopes on the further side of the river were so inclosed at the top as to render intrusion difficult or impossible. The right of *entrée* was given me through my connection with the professor and the Fräulein, and I had no difficulty in obtaining it on this momentous night.

Mysterious shadows, dark and vast under the pale moonlight, the great trees and banks of leaves, rose in strange distinct outline on every side, as I made my way through the lawns and garden walks. The nightingales were singing all around me; the festoons of roses, robbed of all color by the pallid light, hung like the ruined garlands of a dead festival, and sheets of clematis fell like cascades from the tall

hedges and forest trees, and filled the air with a stifling perfume that presaged decay. Every now and again a strange whispering music stole through the valley and along the wooded slopes, the echo of wind-harps and harmonica-wires concealed among the terraces and groves. As the night advanced and the moon sank lower in the sky, the starlight grew more intense, with a clear, distinct light, in which the sharp, dark outlines of the shadows stood out in weird contrast with the beauty which, even in the moment of startled terror, the heart felt to be around. The wayward music that strayed through the leaves, and the fine, clear notes of the nightingales that harmonized in their high shrill octaves with the cold silver light in which valley and river and stone terrace lay in mystic unreality, seemed like a fatal spell to enslave my spirit, a ghostly melody, a pale, beckoning hand to entice me on. And it was not only that these sights and sounds of a pallid and even terrifying beauty lured me on, but my infatuation was so perfect that I traversed the lawns and terraces in the full expectation of finding at the trysting-place the most lovely, the most unique of creatures, a creature born to be the possession and the delight of her own race and kind, and of such only, to whom it would seem presumption and treason for any other even to look. Long years afterwards, writing in the cool blood of middle life, the remembrance of this folly makes me shiver with an intolerable shame; but at the moment, so potent was the wizard spell that untamed, unquestioning youth, and the wild, romantic wood teaching, and the autumnal music of the winds, and the well-spring of fresh hope and love and trust, bursting out like a clear fountain amid the flowering grass and woodland singers, had cast about my path, that, as I passed the terraces and the arcades of roses and clematis, I believed confidently that in another moment I should have the princess, blushing, shy, palpitating, in my arms.

I turned a terraced corner bordered with statues and urns, and shaded with tall yew and holly hedges that grew high up in the woods. I came upon a broad and long terrace, shining in the clear light. On the left hand, far above me, from the mountain summit a single broad cascade fell, like a wall of flashing molten silver, sudden and straight into a deep pool, from which by several outlets, formed by the piers of the terrace bridge upon which I stepped, it fell again, in four or five cas-

cades of far greater depth, into the valley beneath.

The moon, which was setting a little behind me, cast a full and strong light upon the broad terrace—a light as bright as day. As I turned the corner my heart almost ceased to beat, for I saw, not a dozen yards from me, the princess herself coming forward to meet me, as it seemed with outstretched hands. The bright light revealed in perfect distinctness the soft, gracious outline of her slight figure, and the shy expression of her face. I made a step forward, my heart leaping to my mouth, when suddenly it sank again with a sickening chill, for behind the princess, only a few steps apart, was the strange crown-prince, and close to him stood another figure, which I also recognized at once.

The princess came forward with her faint, bewitching smile.

"You are here, Herr von Saale," she said: "I knew you would not fail. We are an awkward number for a moonlight stroll, and I wanted a companion for the *Fräulein*."

A sickening sense of self-recognized, self-detected folly—folly too gross and palpable, it might be feared, to escape even the detection of others—crushed me to the earth.

What would have happened, what inconceivable fatal folly I might have committed, I cannot tell—a mad whirl of insane thought rushed through my mind; but the princess kept her steady eyes fixed full upon mine. "Herr von Saale," they said, as plainly as, ay, more plainly than words could speak,—"Otto von Saale, I believe in you. You have taught me something that I never knew before. You have taught me what I am, and you have shown me what I may become. You yourself, surely, will not fail."

The steady, speaking eyes, calm in the pale white light—the intense, over-mastering power and thought—drew me out of myself, as at the evening concert at the palace; but now, thanks to the purpose and command that spoke in them, with a fortifying help and strength. The boyish nature, fascinated and uplifted even in the depths of its folly and shame, rose—thanks to her—in some sense equal to the pressing need. Surely she must be right. Behind Otto von Saale, the fool, there must be another Otto von Saale who would not fail.

Something of what was passing in my mind, rose, I suppose, into my eyes, for the expression of the princess's face

changed, and an inexpressibly beautiful look came into her eyes, amid the quaint reserve which her rank and disposition gave to her habitual look. It seemed to speak, with a start of grateful joy at the sudden gift, of certain, abiding faith,—faith in herself and in me, faith in the full pure notes of life's music, which they who are born of the spirit, in the turmoil of the world's passion and desire alone can hear.

The princess turned away very quietly towards the crown-prince. "You remember Herr von Saale the other evening?" she said, and his Royal Highness bowed.

They moved together towards the other end of the terrace, and I approached Adelheid.

It may be thought that I must have found some difficulty and confusion in speaking to her; but, strange as it may appear, it was not so. It seemed to me as though the demon of vanity and folly had been completely exorcised, as though the courage and faith that shone upon me from the princess's eyes had blotted out and effaced the miserable infatuated past as though it had never been. It is given to some natures, at some propitious moments at the turning-points of life, by a happy acquiescence in right doing to obliterate the evil past. The intolerable sense of disgrace and shame had, as it were, stung the lower, vain reptile self through its vital cord, and it lay dead and withered in the way. The flattering mask was torn from its features, and nothing was left but a shudder at the memory of a creature so contemptible and vile.

I told Adelheid that I did not know how to excuse my conduct of the last few days, that some demon seemed to have possessed me, that Herr Veitch had said truly that this was the case, and that I had been fascinated—by some evil eye, I was about to say; but I stopped suddenly, remembering that the eyes that had fascinated me had been those of the princess, those eyes that had restored me to the dominion of the higher self. Escaping from this pitfall as best I could, I promised that I would return to my practising, and this brought us to the end of the terrace, where was a flight of stone steps that led down into the valley. Here the princess turned to us and said that she wished to show the prince the cascades from the steps, some little way down; they would return to us immediately on the terrace. They went down the steps and we turned back along the terrace walk.

The moon by this time had set, and a

countless host of stars lit the arched sky above us; and over the leafy walls on every side, darkened and deepened in shade, a delicate, faint, clear light seemed to chasten and subdue the heart—the starlight of the soul. There was no sound but that of the rush of water, for the nightingales and the wind-harps were too far below. There seemed to arise around us, and to enwrap us in its emboldening folds, a protecting mist and garment of solemn faded light and measured sound. Enshrouded in this mystic veil fear and embarrassment were taken away, and in clear, true vision we saw each other for the first time.

"You have taught me the violin," I said; "but there is another instrument, the strings of which vibrate to even higher tones; will you teach these strings, also, to vibrate in unison to your touch? It has been neglected, and is out of tune; it wants the leading of a master hand."

"I fear the instrument is accustomed to another hand," Adelheid said.

"A violin," I said, "is played on by many a one, and they fail; but it is not cast aside. At last he comes for whom it was predestined long ago, while the wood was growing in the tree, while the mellowing sunshine and the wind were forming it—were teaching it secrets that would fit it to teach mankind in sound. He to whom it was predestined comes. He takes it in his hand and we know that once, at least, in this life, supreme music has been heard. Will you try this instrument of mine? It may, perchance, be worth the trying, for it is a human heart."

"I will try it," she said.

There is not much more to tell. He that is happy has no history; and the life that is in tune with the melodies of heaven, in tune because it is guided by a purer life, inspired by a loftier impulse than its own, cannot fail of being happy. In the sustained and perfect harmonies that result from the concord of full, pure, true notes, there is rest and peace for the wearied and troubled brain; and the harmonies of life, that absorb and hush the discords of the world, are heard only in the private walks and daily seclusions in which love and Christian purity delight. Both harmonies came to me through a teacher of the violin.

And the princess!

One summer afternoon in the year 1806, a gay city lay smiling in the afternoon sun. It lay in a fair plain watered by shining streams, and surrounded in the



blue distance by wooded hills. The newly built esplanades stretched away into the meadows, and from among the avenues of linden-trees the birds were singing merrily. But a fatal spell seemed to hang over this lovely scene, and the city might have been a city of the dead. Not a chance figure could be seen in its streets and *boulevards*; the windows of its houses were all fastened, and the blinds and jalousies drawn down and closed.

And more than this: every few moments a deathly terror tore the serene, calm air, and, alighting like a shrieking fiend, crashed into house and grove. The Prussian army was in full retreat across the fords of the river lower down, and the city was being bombarded by a battery of the French.

The blinds in the long streets were all drawn and the shutters closed; but there was one house in which not a blind was down nor a window closed. This was the palace, which stood in the centre of the city, looking upon the Grand Platz and surrounded by chestnut and sycamore trees. The king was with the army on the distant Thuringian slopes; but it was known through all the city that the queen was still in the palace and had refused to leave; and in the hearts of the citizens, wherever a few met together, or in the homes where they spoke of this, despair and anguish were soothed into gratitude and trust.

But gradually as the evening drew on matters became worse. The terrible cannonade, it is true, ceased; but a party of French chasseurs, followed by infantry, occupied the market-place, and the work of plunder was systematically begun. The crash of doors burst in, and the shrieks of the inhabitants, were heard on every side. At seven o'clock in the summer evening houses were in flames in front of the palace, and the light was so intense that people could read handwriting, both in the palace court and in the market-place.

Then, suddenly, a most wonderful thing occurred. The great iron gates of the courtyard, which had remained closed, were thrown open, and a state carriage, gorgeously caparisoned and drawn by six white horses, accompanied by servants in full liveries, issued forth in the evening light, amid the added glare of the flaming houses. It passed on its stately way through the crowded, agitated Platz, the lawless soldiers standing back astonished and abashed, till it reached the great hotel of the Three Kings, where a marshal of France, a brother-in-law of the emperor,

had taken up his quarters for the night an hour before. It did not remain long; but in a few moments it was known throughout the city that the queen's intercession had prevailed, that orders had been given to extinguish the conflagration, and that the pillage would immediately cease.

The people, young and old, swarmed into the streets. From by-lane and causeway and boulevard, rich and poor, without distinction, child and old man and *grand dame*, crowded around the stately carriage with the white horses, wherein sat a beautiful woman of middle age, serene and stately, but very pale with long watching and with grief. Sobs, and words of blessing, and cries of love and joy, resounded on every side; but amid that countless throng there was no heart so full of a strange pride and gratitude to God as was that of an unknown stranger, by chance in the city, standing unnoticed in the dark shadows of the palace groves. I knew her; I had known longer than they all; for it was the princess Cynthia of the old, unforgotten, boyish days.

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From The Month.

#### SUGAR-MAKING IN DEMERARA.

ABOUT two hundred years ago sugar was one of the rarest and dearest of luxuries, now it is one of the cheapest and most generally used of foods. In Queen Elizabeth's reign sugar was treated as a sweetmeat, in Queen Victoria's reign it is used as a manure.

Our not very remote ancestors had to sweeten what they wished sweet with honey or sweet vegetables; their drink was sweetened with malted barley or with the juice of sweet fruits.

The Chinese, who have the credit of having discovered nearly everything, are said to have been the first to cultivate the sugarcane. But as soon as the West Indies were fairly settled they had practically almost a monopoly of sugar-growing.

Common belief has it that at first the juice of the cane was boiled down into a sort of syrup, somewhat as grape-juice is boiled down at the present day in Portugal to sweeten wine. One day, it is said, a careless boiler upset the pot, and it was noticed that where the syrup had fallen on the white wood ashes, crystallization was the result. These persons were quicker at drawing inferences than the famous Chinaman who continued to burn his styre in order to roast his sucking pig. They

immediately began to put wood ashes in the cane-juice, and first made Muscovado sugar. A very easy inference caused lime to be substituted for wood ashes. Crystallization is impossible in cane-juice on account of the acid inherent in it, but as soon as the acid is neutralized by a suitable alkali it readily crystallizes. Till late in the present century this simple process was the beginning and end of all sugar-making, the only art being exactly to apportion the quantity of lime used to the quantity of cane-juice to be treated.

Many years ago a Jesuit father invented the copper wall, as it is still called, though iron has been generally substituted for copper this many a day. The copper wall enabled much better sugar to be made at much less expense of fuel. Formerly a fire was put under a caldron; the process of sugar-making was begun and ended in one vessel. The Jesuit suggested that a string of caldrons or coppers communicating with each other should have only one fire, the bottom of the coppers forming the roof of the flue. The copper nearest the fire is the cleanest, the scum being "brushed" back to the first copper, that furthest from the heat, so that the cleanliness and the sweetness are just in inverse ratio.

When the cane-juice has boiled enough it is ladled into coolers, then it is packed into perforated hogsheads, through the perforations of which the molasses escapes, leaving in the hogshead the old-fashioned brown sugar, still the staple export of most of our West Indian islands.

The troubles of the cultivation of the sugarcane have been numerous. At first the great difficulty was want of labor. The aboriginal inhabitants would not and could not work continuously, and the result of the different attempts at coercion ended in the extinction of nearly all the native tribes. Only very few now remain in one or two of the islands. Then sprung up the system of imported labor — slavery and the slave trade. At first slaves were as much the property of their masters as were the oxen and mules, but long before slavery was finally abolished, the slaves were conceded by right or custom many privileges.

These appear to be the halcyon days of the West Indies. The owners of sugar estates who lived on their plantations lived in great style as small kings, they seem to have utterly disregarded all sanitary rules in the arrangement both of their houses and diet, and to this day the West

Indies suffer from the reputation they acquired in those days. But soon these happy days were overclouded; the first mutterings of the French Revolution, with its talk of *liberté, fraternité, and égalité*, were heard in the French islands, at that time perhaps the most prosperous of all the West Indies. The negroes naturally considered that the new doctrines of the rights of man and the distinctive features of slavery did not coincide. The result was the conflagration in Hayti, at one time the finest colony of the French crown, which afterwards became a mass of murder, flames, and ruin, now a republic so retrograde that its inhabitants are said to worship snakes and practise cannibalism. These atrocities were quickly followed by the interminable wars between England and France, which affected the West Indies most seriously. The islands were passed from one to another power, and all enterprise was checked and industry stifled.

The English had the best of the sea fighting, and the English West Indies began to supply most of the sugar used in Europe. When Napoleon determined to shut English products from the Continent he tried his best to render France self-supporting in everything, and his gigantic mind, for which nothing was either too large or too small, resolved to foster the growth of beet and the manufacture of beet sugar. This at the time was not considered much, but it has proved the most serious blow to the West Indian trade that has ever been dealt.

Next came the abolition of slavery and the abandonment of large districts of sugar cultivation for want of labor. By this time the modern age had come, and sugar like everything else was revolutionized by the invention of steam and machinery. The beet-sugar manufacture was growing into a giant, and was no longer a baby requiring to be carefully nursed. Nowhere has the struggle for existence in the sugar trade been keener than in British Guiana, both in cultivation and manufacture. Labor is imported from India, steam ploughs of every description have been tried, all sorts of manures experimented with. Mills and vacuum pans, stills and centrifugals, clarifiers, steam batteries, all are at work. And the whirl of machinery in a sugar factory only three hundred and odd miles from the equator makes one imagine oneself in a cotton mill at Manchester.

Let us take an imaginary trip and visit one of these estates in British Guiana, but

first, even at the risk of telling stale news, I must give a few facts.

British Guiana is a very large country, of which very little is known and only a narrow fringe on the coast and a little way in the bank of the rivers is cultivated. It is divided into three counties named after its principal rivers, Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice. The port is the River Demerara, on the east bank of which is the capital Georgetown, so that the whole country is often called Demerara. There is one monotonous road up each river-bank. The estates have private roads at right angles to this road. There is a railway which runs from the capital Georgetown up the east coast for a few miles (24) and stops at the Mahaica Creek (as all small rivers are called). The country is naturally as flat as a table; the only elevations are artificial embankments called dams, made by the earth thrown up in digging the numerous canals and drains with which the country is scored in every direction.

A great depth is not required for this purpose, and the country is just about on a level with mean tides, and a front dam is necessary to keep out the sea at high water. Just as the land is only just above sea level, so the bottom of the sea is only just below. And miles from the shore the water is only about six or seven feet deep. As the country is so flat the rivers are tidal for a very great distance, generally until the first high land is met, down from which the rivers fall in rapids or cataraacts.

The bottom of the sea is (as is also the land) a fine alluvial mud deposited by the gigantic rivers of South America; not a pebble is to be seen, nothing but mud more or less hard, from the coffee-and-milk colored sea water to the burnt earth with which the roads are made.

The sugar estates have not only the sea water in front to keep out, but also the bush water at the back (bush, like jungle in India, means any shrub or wooded land), and if isolated they must protect their flanks also, and so the term front dam or sea dam, back dam, and side-line dam mark the confines of the cultivation. When an English farmer would talk of a ride to look at his fields, a Demerara planter would say that "he is going aback."

Well, let us start on our trip. We must get up betimes, for the train leaves at seven o'clock A. M., but as every one, or at least every man, rises at sunrise, that is no hardship. We take a hasty bath, and while dressing sip a cup of coffee and eat

a morsel of toast which was brought by the dark, good-natured butler who roused us. This is equivalent to the *chhotee khaziri* of the East. When we come to the verandah, or galley as it is called here, we find our host already smoking a matutinal pipe and looking at the paper, for we have two daily papers in Georgetown, though what the editors find to make them of, I do not know. Making ropes out of sand would be, I should think, a comparatively easy task. The buggy (or wagon as it is named) comes round, and we start, the slanting sun already hot, down the prettiest street of the prettiest West Indian town; the houses (white, with green blinds), each detached and embowered in lovely gardens, with all sorts of palms and wonderfully leaved shrubs, for the tropics are marvellously rich in plants, the leaves of which vie with the petals of the flowers of a less favored clime. In the centre of the street is a canal full of the large leaves and lovely blossoms of the queen of water lilies, the Victoria Regia, and on the banks are oleander-trees. Down the side street are small shops exhaling the peculiar odor of salt fish, and any amount of black women with their heads tied in gaudy handkerchiefs are going to do their marketing.

We soon reach the station and are much amused with watching the motley throng. Here is the merchant, there the Portuguese shopkeeper, the planter with his brick-red face, the Chinese with pig-tail, the negro, the lissom and elegantly made chocolate-colored coolie, the mulatto and all shades of color are there. Pale boys and girls who look as though the sun had never been allowed to see them, are talking to a large sun-burnt Scot who looks as though he were saturated with sunshine. The train is all ready to start, an engine, three cars, and a luggage van. The cars are somewhat American in appearance, being more like tram-cars than railway carriages, with seats on the top as well as inside. It is pleasant in the air, so I and my host Mr. Bustle climb to the roof, Mr. Bustle warning me not to let a tiny cinder from the funnel get in my eye nor to lose my hat, which last is an enormous felt umbrella with a church steeple in the middle, a real planter's hat. As the wind is always easterly and we are going to the east, this caution is useful. From my seat I see the buildings of Georgetown, the cathedral spire higher than all, with the statue of Mary the Immaculate looking down on the tropical city and the busy river, and the market spire made of slate-

colored iron, and all the various buildings of a city of over forty thousand inhabitants. Mr. Bustle says, as though in a reverie: "All built out of the sugar hogs-head. The sugar is all we have except its by-products rum and molasses, just a trifle of timber, a few thousand barrels of charcoal, and at most a million cocoanuts. These make up the exports of this country; the last bale of cotton went away in 1843, the last pound of coffee in 1846. Since then King Sugar has had no rival. And we all have our fingers in the hogs-head, the whole town is sugar, we either export sugar or import the materials used for sugar, or articles required by those who grow sugar. There is nothing else. When sugar is up and rain comes down, there is not a more cheery or careless place than this; when sugar goes down and the weather is unfavorable we all get the blues. Yes, all of us, for we live by sugar, every man and every woman too. Only one industry for this country; all our eggs in one basket, and a colony that could grow so much is almost driven to producing sugar alone. Labor is so scarce and dear that few of the laboring classes work four days in the week, none more than five, and sugar alone can stand it because we are so peculiarly adapted for growing sugar. The sugarcane after all is a reed, and reeds love drained marshes, and what else is this land but a drained marsh?" Well, I say nothing to these ruminations, and by this time the whistle has given its farewell shriek and we are off. Out of the town past the enormous estate Bel Ari, past acres of land abandoned to such grass as grows self-sown, grazed by the coolie's cattle. We are well in sight of the dirty-looking sea. As it is high tide we can see the waves breaking on the stone wall which defends the sea dam at this part, and see the sheer mud thrown in the air. Between us and the sea is the road with a long file of carts carrying goods up the coast. I wonder how they can compete with the rail, perhaps the reason is that the stations are not very conveniently situated.

On the other side of the railway is a great level expanse of acres upon acres of waving green canes looking like wheat in May, the only difference in appearance being that cane looks like a very large kind of wheat. The monotony is broken by the lines of the estates' dams, which are marked by the stately cabbage palm, the picturesque dishevelled cocoanut palm, or the graceful feather bamboo. The sites of the buildings and dwellings

are marked by the tall slim chimneys of the factory and clumps of cabbage and cocoanut palms, all looking one way, blown by the constant north-east breeze. The conductor of the train walks all through it and collects tickets, and asks where passengers wish to be put down; he is a most obliging gentleman, and will stop the train almost anywhere one pleases if notice is given at the preceding station. The line is a single one, and as the train runs from one end to the other and back again three times a day, time is not such a very great object and this arrangement is most convenient. The time taken for the entire journey from Georgetown to Mahaica, the two termini, is one hour and twenty minutes, the fares are one dollar first, fifty-six cents second, and forty cents third class. So there is no great hurry as the distance is only twenty-four miles.

Mr. Bustle requests the polite conductor to put us down at the middle walk of Nonsuch, and here I notice another peculiar custom, borrowed, I suppose, from the United States. Everybody is always shaking everybody else's hand. If one goes into a store, as big shops are called, and knows the clerk who serves, there is a shake of the hand first, business after. Hands are thrust through little doors in the gauze partitions over the counters of public offices to be shaken before the object of one's visit is entertained, and the operation is religiously repeated before leaving. It is usual to shake hands with a person on being introduced, and on passing an acquaintance where hand-shaking is impossible, the hand is shaken *at* the acquaintance. A man driving in the streets and seeing a friend walking past, instead of nodding or touching his hat, shakes his hand and says "So long," a corruption, I suppose, of the Eastern salutation *salaam*. Well, we religiously shake hands with the pleasant conductor, who mutters some remark about the weather. For here, as in England, the state of the weather opens conversation, though without the same excuse, for the weather is most unchangeable, wet seasons with sunny days (or at least parts of the days sunny), in between, and dry seasons with showers.

In Demerara the weather knows its work and does it. No misty days, no drizzling rain. Either the sun shines with all its might, or it rains like a shower bath. Rain which records a fall of an inch an hour, and sunshine which sends up the mercury to all sorts of heights are the rule.

The heat in the shade is nearly always the same, the strong sea breeze keeping it very equable, day and night. July and January show only about eight or nine degrees of difference. In the house the thermometer is always within a few degrees one side or the other of 80°, and as for the barometer, it varies so little that it is never consulted. A cool day means when the breeze is strong, a hot day means a little breeze. Sometimes in the hot season, July, August, and September, there are days or parts of days when there is no breeze, and its absence is very much felt.

The train stops at Nonsuch middle walk, as the centre road or dam of an estate is called, and here is the manager's "wagon" (the universally used American buggy), waiting, with a small creole horse groomed to the last pitch, and a natty, handsome coolie groom, with brilliant teeth and bright beady eyes. Here again let me digress to correct the common idea of the meaning of the word "creole." In Demerara it simply means anything born in the colony; there are creole Chinese, creole coolies, creole whites, creole blacks, creole sheep, creole cabbages, creole horses, and creole anything else.

Mr. Bustle and I get into the wagon, and the groom perches himself on a small tray attached behind, and off we go.

We soon come to a small building with a chimney, apparently a young relation of the tall one in the distance at the factory, it looks as though it had not done growing, and Mr. Bustle asks me if I would like to look at the draining engine. On our way he explains that, on account of the lowness of the land, drainage is only possible at low water, a sluice door, called a koker, being opened when the sea is low to allow the drainage to escape, and closed at high water to prevent the sea water from entering the estate. As the sea is so shallow, channels have to be kept open to let the water pass.

In many parts of the colony, and more particularly on the east coast, the tides silt up these channels with drift mud, especially in dry weather, when there is no water to force them open. The crops used to suffer much from bad drainage at the beginning of the wet season, and a great deal of labor and money was expended in forcing drainage, that is in cleaning the channel of the mud, which work, moreover, could only be done at low tide.

The consequence is that many estates pump every drop of their drainage from the cultivation into the front lands which

are not cultivated, from whence it finds its way to the sea. At the beginning of the wet seasons these front lands become a huge shallow lake, the level of which gets higher and higher till the pressure is sufficient to force away the mud, which is loosened in front of the koker by a gang of men who stand in it up to their waists and stir it up with their shovels. When one considers that an inch of rain means about one hundred tons of water to the acre, that the average yearly rainfall of the country is about eighty inches, and that the area to be drained of an estate is from one to two thousand acres or more, one can realize the enormous weight of water to be lifted. It is raised from six to eight feet.

We go into the shed and see a powerful engine, two boilers, a quantity of coal in a shed, and a well with a perpendicular shaft in it. This shaft has a disk at the bottom, which, when rotated, lifts the water from the bottom of the well till it overflows at the top. The bottom is connected to a large trench which acts as a reservoir, receiving the drainage of the whole estate. Sometimes these pumps have to work incessantly night and day for weeks at a stretch, especially in December, when the rains are as a rule very heavy. Some estates have scoop-wheel draining-pumps, which look like the paddle-wheel of an enormous steamer. Some have a Gwynne's pump. They are all very expensive and all require a very large quantity of fuel.

The quantity of fuel consumed on an estate is very great. For every ton of sugar which leaves the colony about a ton of coal is imported, and the amount of trees felled for fuel is also very great.

We leave the drainage engine and drive between the cane-fields. These on the east coast near the sea, or in front, are not very productive. In former days manure was but little used, and I was astonished to hear that some land has gone on giving crops of canes year after year and nothing at all returned to the soil. Mr. Bustle says that no investment of capital pays better than manure: "Lime and manure, my dear sir, never fear for them." It is true that in very dry seasons manure does positive harm, but just take ten years' crop on an estate which manures heavily, and compare it with one that does not. Artificial manures are used. Labor is so dear that it does not pay to apply manure except in a highly concentrated form.

A ton of sugar requires roughly about fifteen tons of cane. I know an estate



which averages three tons of sugar per acre, forty-five tons of cane from every acre, and there is no rotation of crop, always cane.

We now come to the "negro yard," a term which has come down from slavery times. This is the collection of cottages where the laborers, mostly coolies, live. The greater part of the men have gone to their work, and many doors are shut and locked, but many graceful coolie women are walking about and talking incessantly in very loud voices. They are prettily dressed in brightly colored jackets, white-braided skirts, and each has a long kerchief falling like a veil from the head; this last is a wonderful piece of dress, of fine texture brightly dyed, and with a curious border of horses mounted by circus riders following each other in long procession, or elephants and castles, bull-fights or portions of playing-cards, according to the changing fashion of the year or the taste of the wearer. Beyond the huts of these Hindu coolies, we come to the cottages of the Chinese laborers, men who seem to carry a bit of China with them wherever they go, so tenacious are they of their own customs and ways. Further on still is the estate shop, kept by a Portuguese. Beyond this shop is the "African range" of huts. Their owners are laborers born in Africa, not creoles of African descent. They are commonly called Congos or Kroomans. They are physically a fine race, much disfigured with tattoos. They are just like great children in their disposition, with a great liking for drink. They are immensely strong but very lazy, and their delight is to lie full-length under the direct rays of a tropical sun all day, and dance to the melodious music of monotonous songs and clapping of hands all night. They are splendid cane-cutters, and do all work well that requires much strength and little intelligence. To show how false is the idea that the black race is incapable of improvement, one has only to compare the African cane-cutter with the creole pan-boiler or engineer foreman, and this change is effected in very few generations.

There are then several semi-detached cottages inhabited by the head men, the carpenters, the blacksmiths, the coopers, etc., mostly creoles or Barbadians, but this class has been so often and so well described that I shall pass them by and say nothing about them.

We next come to the estate's hospital and will take a peep inside it. The es-

tate's hospital is an adjunct of immigration necessary by law. Every estate that applies for immigrants to be allotted to it, must have a hospital certified by the head doctor of the Immigration Department to hold at least five per cent. of its indentured population. They are generally large buildings on high brick pillars, built north-west and north-east so as to be at right angles to the prevailing north-east wind, and situated to windward of all other buildings. They are mostly built on one plan, introduced by Dr. Shier, and their arrangements are very similar.

Under the hospital among the long pillars are a few rooms; one is the dead-house, where bodies lie awaiting interment and where also the doctor makes *post mortem* examination of those who die suddenly and on whom an inquest is necessary. Next is a bath-room, and a short distance off are two rooms together inhabited by the dispenser. There are two staircases leading to the hospital, one in front for general use and one at the back leading to the kitchen.

We walk up the first and find ourselves in a long gallery the whole length of the building, a projection at one end being partitioned off as a dispensary; the gallery goes round the end of the building and communicates with the kitchen. The wards open to the front gallery, and there is also a back gallery. There are three wards, one at one end for female patients and the other for male; the middle ward is generally empty, it is kept for cases that are feared to be catching, and is also used for white sailors, or any patients that, from any reason, are wished to be kept separate.

The low beds are ranged in rows, and all the patients are clad in a sort of uniform which gives them somewhat the look of prisoners. The attending these hospitals must be very monotonous work. Most of the patients suffer from the same thing, malarial intermittent fever, which though very lowering and annoying is rarely fatal. The health of an estate is chiefly dependent on its geographical position; where the wind passes from the sea over well-drained land to the dwellings the estate is healthy, particularly if the sea is washing away the shore. Where the sea is depositing mud it is not so healthy, the mud, rich in vegetable matter, giving off unhealthy exhalations at low tide.

The most unhealthy estates are those up the rivers, far from the sea, where the trade wind has to pass over large tracts of

undrained swamp, bringing agues, malarial fevers, and liver complaints with it. Near the sea there is very little land breeze as a rule; a season with much land breeze is always unhealthy, as it passes over the undrained savannahs at the back of the cultivated fringe.

Leaving the hospital we drive through the gates of the manager's house, which is surrounded with a very pretty garden, part of which is laid out as a lawn for tennis, surrounded with flower-beds. The house itself is a large airy building.

Built, as are all dwellings for Europeans, on high brick pillars, under the house are rooms inhabited by servants. At the back is a stable with six stalls, above which are four good rooms. There is also a cow-house, a fowl-house, and a large pigeon-house in the yard at the back. The house itself is two stories high, the lower one being one large room screened off into drawing and dining room, and the gallery, part of which is shut off as a bedroom, and part of the back gallery is the office of the manager, full of papers and bottles full of samples of sugar in various stages of discoloration, from the bright primrose hue of yesterday's sample to the faded dirty white of that of the year before last. There are also generally a few sample papers open with sugar spread to view, and ants are there in thousands sucking the color off, at which ants are very clever: they will bleach the darkest sugar in a very short time.

On the second floor are three large, airy bed-rooms and a bath-room with a shower bath, the water of which is pumped up dirty. We mount up the front stairs and are received at the top by Mr. Macgregor, the manager, a tall, strong man with deep-red face and light-blue eyes, the whites of which are very bloodshot from exposure to the strong glare. He shakes hands with Mr. Bustle, who at once introduces me; he immediately shakes hands with me and says he is glad to see me, and then we walk into the gallery. This is all windows and jalousie blinds, which admit the wind while excluding the glare. Lounging-chairs of every description suggest luxurious "cool-outs." The windiest corner is taken up with a chair with arms so long that the feet can rest on them; close handy is a smoking-table and a round table covered with newspapers; this is obviously the manager's favorite nook. Two dogs lie on the floor and only acknowledge our arrival by a lazy wink. Mr. Macgregor immediately offers us something to drink

"after our drive," but he evidently does not expect us to say yes. In this hot country one is always offered a drink as soon as the first salutations are over. On our declining any refreshment, the manager says "that the morning is slipping away and that we had better be starting. We will ride aback," says he, "in the morning while it is cool, and after breakfast we can do the buildings." The buildings mean the factory. He touches the button of an electric bell, and as the bell sounds, a shriek of "Yes sir," is heard. Mr. Macgregor smiles and says, "I only had these bells put up last year, and the boy answers the bell as he used to answer my shout." The boy comes in—all servants are boys here, except the cook and the *maitre d'hôtel*, who is called the butler—he is a smart coolie youngster of about fourteen, clad in brown drill, his jacket like the uniform of a policeman, buttoned up to his throat. "Tell Ramdeen to bring round the mules," says his master, "and bring spurs." The manager, who is dressed in blue serge trousers and white drill jacket, has his heels already provided. The boy not only brings the spurs but puts them on, and gives us each a light stick made of a tough sort of climbing plant called a "supple Jack." We mount our mules and set off. On each side of the middle-walk dam down which we rode were canes—nothing else—some ready for the cutters, long and lying down, some just starting, some being cut. Between us and the canes on each side was a trench or canal, about twenty feet wide, full of black water, which shone in the sun like a looking-glass. At distances of about one hundred and twenty yards were cross canals, trenches about twelve feet wide which separate the fields. The fields are divided into beds about twelve yards wide; the beds are separated by small drains, little trenches, which run parallel with the cross canals and carry the drainage to the side-line trench, which is connected to the reservoir trench at the drainage engine. Thus there are two distinct systems of canals on each estate, one called the navigation system, which is kept full for floating the punts, which transport everything, canes from the field to the factory, manure from the factory to the field, coals from the railway to the factory, and produce from the factory to the railway. The supply of water to this system is one of the troubles of an estate. The other system is that of drainage, and the getting rid of the water from this system is an-

other of the troubles. How Mr. Macgregor told one field from another I could not tell (they are all exact parallelograms, and look as like as peas in a pod), but he did, and talked learnedly to Mr. Bustle about each, — what No. 46 gave last year, what it was expected to give this, the manure used, the work done, and how a “gall” or barren part had been treated with lime and the results. The fields have no names — they are all numbered. I heard of drills and forking banks, and I know not what else. All the cultivation is by hand. Agricultural implements cannot be reconciled with the open drains. Many attempts have been made to introduce subsoil drainage and steam cultivation, but though a few estates still keep to it as a rule it has not been a success.

We rode three miles along the dam, passing the various gangs at work. Here were a lot of coolie women and the weaker men weeding; they seemed very merry, and all shouted a “salaam” and a remark that there was “too much grass.” I thought of the sun blazing then, what would it be at noon! Mr. Bustle told me that he had never heard a coolie complain of heat, but that in wet weather they all complain of cold. Most of the coolies come from the plains of India, and though there the nights are cooler, especially in the cool season, than in Demerara, the sun is very much hotter and there is not the same strong breeze to temper the heat.

We pass a field of “high canes,” and a gang of black women are stripping off the dead cane leaves, technically called thrashing. “Now,” says Mr. Macgregor, “if you want to feel that you are in the tropics, come with me. We dismount and give our mules in charge of a water-carrier, a boy, and cross the canal in a float. Mr. Bustle declines to accompany us and says he will wait till we return. We climb up a slippery bank, and I, to save myself from falling, lay hold of a cane, and find that the edges of the leaves are serrated and that I have given my hand a long cut just through the skin which smarts atrociously; but worse than that, the part of the leaf which is attached to the cane is covered with a sort of fur, the ends quite sharp, and my fingers are covered. Mr. Macgregor only laughs, and says I want the knack of walking through high canes. He cuts a piece of cane and advises me to rub my fingers with the damp end, saying that “nothing is better for extracting ‘cane pimply.’” I then start, and find that I had better

have stayed with Mr. Bustle. The canes are planted in rows about six feet apart; the space between is called the bank; each alternate bank had had a gutter cut through it about two feet wide and a foot and a half deep called a drill, on the other was a heap of dead leaves and dry grass called a trash bank. The canes were like snakes crawling and matted all over the surface. They were full-grown and about twelve feet long, the leafy end being fully seven feet high above the ground. Mr. Macgregor walked on most coolly, separating the canes with his stick and always stepping over the trash banks and drills. I floundered after, treading on the slippery canes, and falling in the drills, which seemed specially designed to trip me up. I dreaded stepping into these trash banks — every story I had ever heard of gigantic snakes, ferocious alligators, and venomous insects rising to my mind. Mr. Macgregor told me that I had nothing to fear, that the fields were far too often worked to harbor any vermin more dangerous than a rat, but I had my own opinion. The sun poured down and not a breath of wind penetrated the jungle. The unwonted exercise made me perspire at every pore, and in spite of my firm resolve not to give in, I soon was obliged to stop and suggest that Mr. Bustle would be tired of waiting. I scrambled back and could hear every pulse beating in my ears. I felt hot and thirsty and would have given very much for a glass of rain water clear and iced. I had on my way noticed that the people drank the black water of the canal, a tumbler of which looks like weak brandy and water or tea, and I had wondered how they could swallow it. Somehow it did not seem so impossible now and I asked if it were wholesome. Mr. Bustle said that it was slightly laxative to those unaccustomed to its use, that the color was due to vegetable matter, and the end was that I took a long delicious draught from the skillet of the water-carrier, and never have I tasted any wine more like nectar than was the draught of lukewarm and not too clean water.

We remounted our steeds and passed more fields; in some black men were cutting canes, dressed as a rule in singlet and trousers. No laborers ever wear covering to their feet while at work. Some of these singlets were in such utter tatters that I wondered whether they were worn for warmth, decency, or ornament. In other fields were the coolie shovel-men digging those same abominable drills, further on some were forking the banks,

on which by-and-by the "trash" would be laid, forking it just as a gardener does a potato-patch in an English kitchen garden. We passed a few saddled mules on the dam, the riders of which were the overseers at that time in the fields either seeing that the work was honestly performed in accordance with the orders given, or entering the names of each laborer and the amount of work done. I was astonished when I heard that many an overseer has to walk about two miles through those odious high canes and take down all the work before breakfast. "It is very unpleasant in wet weather," says Mr. Macgregor, "the land is so slippery and clings to one's boots, and the wet softens the skin and renders it liable to be cut by the cane-blades." The name is appropriate, and I quite believe Mr. Macgregor's statement. At length we reach the back dam and find a watch-house surrounded by cocoanut trees, at which I, again thirsty, cast longing eyes. The manager calls the watchman, who brings me a green nut full of the cool, clear water, which the English call, from some unknown reason, cocoanut milk. There is no flesh in these young unripe nuts, only a little jelly lining; all the inside is full of this water. I notice that neither of my companions appears either hot or thirsty, and am told that drinking is merely a matter of habit. "Drinking before breakfast destroys the appetite," says Mr. Bustle. I wished it would destroy mine. Here we were, at about 10 A.M., miles from a house, and I was ravenous. I had eaten nothing but a small biscuit since my dinner at 7 P.M. on the previous evening. I had been a drive, a railway journey, a drive and a ride, besides a scramble among those delicious high canes, and I should have liked breakfast at my usual hour, 9 A.M. It never seemed to enter the heads of my companions that we were late. The back dam is a wall of earth raised to the height of about ten feet above mean tide level; on one side is the estate, on the other a great savannah growing rank "razor grass," a sort of first cousin to the cane, a coarse sort of fern, and that is all. At the time I speak of it was covered with water about two feet deep. This water seems a great trouble. It is a source of danger in wet weather. If the back dam burst the whole cultivation would be in danger of being swamped. In dry weather it disappears, and then the estates are at their wits' end to know how to get sufficient water to fill their navigation trenches, and in very dry years they

have their choice either to stop grinding just when the canes are ripe and the weather favorable or to take sea water into the trenches, which injures the cultivation and damages the boilers and machinery.

I never before realized the absurd fears of the possible over-population of this globe, at least for very very long. Here were we three men. To the north was a thin line of cottages between us and the ocean, to the south was the whole enormous interior of South America, almost uninhabited; just a few huts sprinkled sparsely on the banks of the rivers, the land between river and river empty.

I had expected to see all sorts of life in this savannah; I had often heard of the teeming animal life of the tropics. But if there was any animal life, it managed most successfully to hide itself. I saw nothing except a very few small birds. A great green plain, with here and there a clump of wild palms, and on the far horizon a line of low bush—that is what I saw. We rode along the back dam till we came to the side-line dam, which divides Nonsuch from the neighboring village of Wilberforce, so called in gratitude to the great abolitionist. Down this we rode, seeing on one side the same cane-fields highly cultivated, neat and orderly, on the other a miserable sight, a few plantain-trees struggling with the choking grass, a few fruit-trees half strangled with parasitic vines, neglect, laziness, and want of thrift visible throughout. About half-way along the dam was much wider, and I was told that when the estates were first laid out, the dams dividing them were very wide, so that if a second row of estates should be established, the dams would serve as roads, and also enable trenches to be dug to drain the "second depth" estates.

On this dam a lot of "free," or unindentured, coolies had squatted. They are great hands at building houses or huts, which grow up like the palace of Aladdin, in a single night. By the way, it seemed so strange to see real people with "Arabian Nights" names. To have Aladdin (here pronounced Al-a-deen) as groom, and Saladin (Sal-a-deen) as driver; with Mohammeds and Ismaels all about, like a mixture of fairy tales and the Old Testament. These houses are made of spars put close together, the walls and floor are daubed with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, laid on like cement, which is said to keep away insects, they are thatched with the leaves of palm-trees, and are preferred

to the neat white pine-board cottages, with shingled roofs, provided by the estates. The coolies like them because they are said to be warm at night and cool in the day, but I fancy the real reason is, because their native huts in India are very much the same. They have a room nearly in darkness, lighted by a window that is an opening with a wooden flap; a door on the leeward side opens into the gallery, the eaves of which descend to within three feet of the ground, and the coolies stoop on entering or leaving, till they look like foxes coming from a hole. In these galleries were women, some engaged in fanning rice, or in pouring rice from one straw shovel to another, the wind carrying away the dust. Some were cooking, some nursing their children, some engaged openly in certain mysteries of the toilette which in more civilized countries would not be performed in public. The children were everywhere, and all set up a shout of *Miming, miming!* like a sort of chant. They were engaged in caning a toy *tad-jah*, and playing at the Hosein feast. One carried the pagoda, made of mud, the rest beat old paraffin oil-tins as drums, and two little chubby rascals were playing at sword-exercise with sticks.

We rode past these huts, and came to the breezy pasture, low Bahama grass dotted with cattle, the line of the railway embankment (or dam) in front, and behind that the sea-dam, marked by a dense bush of *cunida*, a sort of mangrove. This bush failed towards the east, and Mr. Macgregor informed us that he wanted us to inspect his sea-defences, and we cantered briskly down to the sea-dam. This is a broad embankment of earth running the whole façade of the estate. On the inner side is a large trench, from which the earth was dug to make the dam, on the other a flat glistening plain of mud, covered only at high water. Where we were the sea had made encroachments, and had dug channels and holes in the mud, and a lot of money had been spent on the sea-defences. The dam had been paled off — that is, protected on the seaward side by posts of green heart and planks driven deep, and braced with piles on the land side, and cross timbers. Mr. Macgregor told me how groynes had been run out, that is, a sort of wooden wall made of piles and planks driven into the mud so as to break the force of the waves and protect the dam. Some are made of bush, that is, mattresses of black logs or guava bushes are made and pinned down with spars and posts. These groynes are run

out for about a hundred yards at right angles to the dam; outside the dam is also packed a quantity of bush. But these precautions cost a frightful amount of money and trouble, and a rough high spring tide would often in a few hours destroy and carry away any amount of work. The waves rocked the groynes till the timbers, driven deep in the mud, rocked like gigantic loose teeth, and the water carried away the mud thus stirred up. All other means being ineffectual, it was resolved to protect the dam with stone. This may be done in two ways; either by facing the dam with stone, or by running a stone dam outside of and parallel to the earth dam. All the stone has to be imported either from other lands or from the penal settlement up the River Mazzaruni. In either case it is very expensive, and Mazzaruni stone being granite, and very heavy, a great many tons make a very little show. At first the stone was just tumbled out of the vessels (generally flat-bottomed square punts, with one mast), but it sank in the mud, and had to find or make a foundation, so that more stone was below the mud than above. Then the stone was put on bush mattresses, and this plan has been found most economical and effective.

By this time it was after eleven, and we turned homewards and rode up the middle-walk dam at a rattling canter to the manager's house. When we arrived I could scarcely crawl up the steps, I was so stiff.

"Swizzles, sharp!" cries Mr. Macgregor, "and ring the breakfast bell."

The boy soon brought in three small tumblers full of a pink liquid with a foaming head, iced perfectly. The swizzle proved to be a most delicious drink.

We had hardly finished it when the overseers came up the stairs, five strong young men, all sunburnt and healthy-looking, the palest being the overseer in charge of the buildings. Introductions and handshakings having been duly performed, we went into the dining-room and sat down to a Demerara breakfast. The breakfast consisted of salt cod-fish with egg sauce, potatoes, cassava, and plantains, followed by curried fowl, cold salt beef, and a stew, and ending with tea, bread and butter, this last being I suppose a kind of commemoration of the English breakfast. Breakfast is the chief meal of the day with the planters. After having done thorough justice to it, we all went out for a smoke in the cool gallery or verandah. Cool as it was in the shade, there was a terrible glare



of sunshine out in front of us, and lounging and smoking in my easy chair I felt a pleasant dreaminess, and thought that I never before understood as I did then the poem of "The Lotos-eaters" and the land where it was always afternoon. There we sat smoking and chatting, some of us even dozing a little, till near two o'clock, when Mr. Macgregor called the boy, who brought us three tumblers of iced lemonade, made of lime-juice, sugar, and water, one of the nicest drinks for a hot climate that have ever been devised, fresh limes have a bouquet that no lemon has, still less does preserved lime-juice give any idea of it. Then we walked off to take a turn through the buildings. On reaching them the first thing I noticed was the row of cane punts in the water-way—long, narrow, flat-bottomed boats, holding about three tons each, with plenty of water (that is, about three feet); a mule will tow four of these at the rate of about a mile an hour. These punts lie alongside the cane-carrier, which is two endless chains with wooden slats fastened on them. Men in the punts throw the canes into the carrier, which moves by machinery, carrying the canes on it into the buildings. It takes about fifteen tons of cane to make a ton of sugar, and about one man is allowed for each ton made a day, so that each man lifts about fifteen tons of cane breast high every day. The canes are carried to the mill, which has three rollers, two below and one above, which grind them. The mangled canes are called megass. At Nonsuch this megass falls into another carrier, which carries it to another mill alongside of the first. This second mill has also a cane-carrier, so that in case of any accident to the first this can grind canes. The megass is automatically spread on the rollers of this mill, which is as powerful as the first, and this again squeezes it. I was told that on many estates the megass is steamed and sprinkled with hot water on its way from the first to the second mill (a process called maceration, introduced by Mr. Russell, of Leonora). I was also told that the first mill expressed on an average sixty-eight per cent. of the weight of the canes, and the second mill seven per cent. more, making a total of seventy-five per cent. The megass, after this second crushing, falls on another carrier, which conveys it direct to the furnaces where it is burnt at once.

Formerly, and still on many estates, this megass used to be packed in large buildings called logies to dry, whence it was carried on women's heads to the fur-

naces. We next went to the clarifier-loft, in which were boxes constructed to hold seven hundred and fifty gallons each. The juice is pumped into them through a juice-heater, which last is a cylinder full of steam, through tubes in which the juice passes. In the clarifiers the juice is treated with the lime necessary to counteract its acidity. The lime is quicklime mixed with water to the consistency of cream. Many attempts have been made to defecate the cane-juice by galvanic action, which, it was hoped, would supersede lime, and although partial success has attended laboratory experiments, yet lime is still universally used in factories. The cane-juice enters the clarifiers a turbid stream, but on being treated with lime and subsided, it leaves the clarifiers quite clear-looking, something like beer. It is then subjected to the fumes of burning sulphur, which bleach out the natural green tint of the juice. It then enters a battery, or several vessels heated with steam, where it is quickly boiled. This is done to coagulate the albumen which rises as scum, and supersedes the old-fashioned copper wall. The men doing these various operations were mostly coolies, with a few black supervisors. I was told that men educated in European sugar refineries are not a great success; they never seem to learn that they have not a mixture of sugar and water to deal with, as at home, but the juice of a plant which consists of sugar, water, and many other component parts.

Besides, Europeans out in Demerara are as it were exotics, and have to be treated as such, and exotics are always expensive.

On old-fashioned estates, instead of a steam battery a copper wall is used, heated by the flames of burning megass. This, as already stated, is a row of caldrons with a flue below. On very old-fashioned estates and in the West Indian Islands the whole process is finished on this wall, the juice being boiled to a thick, treacle-like fluid, which on cooling crystallizes. At Nonsuch the juice is only boiled in the open for a short time till it ceases to throw up scum, it then passes into certain vessels where it is allowed to subside, and after that enters the *triple effet*, a complicated arrangement of three large vessels which are heated by steam. There is an engine attached which produces a vacuum in vessel No. 3, the steam from the juice boiling in the vessel being condensed in a separate vessel, with a jet of cold water which is removed by pumps. The steam

of the juice boiling in No. 2 is the steam which boils the juice in No. 3, and the steam of the juice boiling in No. 1 is the steam that boils No. 2. The clear juice, now called liquor, is admitted to No. 1, after boiling a time it is passed to No. 2, then to No. 3, from which it passes to the vacuum pan. The triple effect is not emptied, it is always being filled up, and the juice as it were passes through it. The vacuum pan is slightly different, the vacuum is very high and it is charged from time to time with the syrup from the triple effect till it is full of sugar, then it is emptied or half-emptied. The vacuum is produced by the aid of a condenser, into which a jet of water is thrown which is removed by powerful pumps. The object of boiling in vacuum is to evaporate with the lowest possible heat, and also to produce the largest possible crystal, when large-grained sugar is in request. When in the vacuum pan the sugar is colored. Some estates use sulphuric acid, but as that destroys a certain amount of sugar many use a dye called bloomer, the exact composition of which is kept secret by the patentees. This colors the sugar yellow.

The vacuum pan is emptied into coolers, from whence the *masse cuite*, as it is called, is carried to the centrifugals. As the names show, many of these apparatuses were invented by the French.

Nonsuch has six centrifugals; three are Weston's patent hanging centrifugals, and three are old-fashioned ones. The first are used for the first sugar, the latter for molasses sugar.

It was a pleasure to see the rapid way in which the Chinese worked at curing sugar. The Weston's machines spin at an enormous speed, and, the molasses driven by centrifugal force through the holes in the lining of the baskets, in a few seconds leave the sugar dry and ready for the broker's sample-table and the grocer's counter.

Mr. Macgregor said that when these centrifugals were first erected, there was much attention given to the best way of getting the *masse cuite* from the pan to the centrifugals, or rather to the pug-mill which stirs up the *masse cuite* before it flows to the centrifugals.

Neither he nor Mr. Spofforth had thought of a good way, and in the mean time they expected that the Chinese would carry it. As soon as the Chinese came, they rigged up a slippery green-heart plank, with ridges at the edges, and down this slid the buckets full of *masse cuite*,

which were returned up a similar plank with one good shove. This plan has answered so well that no more scientific one has ever been substituted.

The molasses from this sugar is treated according to the markets. When deep yellow sugar is in fashion, a certain amount is reboiled to color the syrup sugar. When low sugar is selling well, it is boiled into a second sugar, called molasses sugar, which is something like the old Muscovado sugar. When sugar is low and rum sells well, the whole is sent to the distillery. All the skimmings, subsidings, etc., are collected in a vessel, where they are boiled up with steam and then forced by a pump into a filter press; the filtered juice comes away quite clear, the dirt is left, when the press is opened, dry and hard, like oil-meal cake, and even that is sometimes washed by having water passed through the filter presses after the subsidings. Even this is not wasted, being mixed with lime and sent as manure to the field. The molasses is mixed with water, and pumped into large vats in the "liquor loft," where, after it has duly fermented, it is distilled into rum.

Rum and molasses are called the "offal crop," and it is not a feather in a manager's cap to make much of it. When low-class sugars sell well, and the molasses is reboiled, but very little is made, and the advocates of galvanism predict that the use of that agent instead of lime will one day still further reduce it. The presence of the ferment in cane-juice, and the climate, always favoring fermentation, are difficulties that attend the making of cane sugar as compared with beet; beet is treated in a colder climate, and is naturally less disposed to fermentation. Another trouble is, that canes will not keep well after they are cut, and this makes any accident in the factory result in great loss, the reserve of canes cut always deteriorating rapidly, and if the accident takes long to repair, the canes are liable to be utterly spoilt.

The Nonsuch buildings are about the best in Demerara. About two years previous to my visit, a thief, attempting to steal rum from the rum store, set fire by carelessness to the rum, and the whole of the buildings were utterly destroyed. This was regarded at the time as a great misfortune, but now Nonsuch has a fine set of works, beautifully arranged, and worked with very few hands, instead of as is unfortunately too often the case with West Indian factories, a mass of machinery heaped together on no plan, one part

of which is probably much stronger than another, and to work which requires many more laborers than necessary, and over which proper supervision is most difficult.

As soon as I had seen all that I could, we returned to the house, and I asked Macgregor to play something, as he had spoken so much of his love for music. He at once sat down to the piano, and began a dreamy waltz of Chopin's. While he was playing, a squat, long-haired, copper-colored man glided in, dressed in a pink cotton shirt, and ornamented (?) with blue tattoo marks. He sat down on an unoccupied chair, touched one of the keys, and when he heard it sound said, "Good, massa." The manager looked up and said, "How d'ye." He told me that this man was a "buck," or aboriginal Indian, and that there were probably several at the back door with hammocks, parrots, crab-oil, and cassarup to sell. We went to the back galley, and found about six. Our friend was the only one who had conceded so far to civilization as to wear a shirt. The rest were tattooed, and had birds in wicker-work baskets, honey and cassarup, bows and arrows, and blow-pipes; but their costume was a morsel of blue cloth, fastened to a piece of string round the waist. The women wore strings of beads and strings of the teeth of wild hogs, and one had a small quantity of "tigers'" teeth and claws. Their clothing consisted of a small bead apron about the size of a sheet of letter-paper. One indeed wore a petticoat tied round her neck instead of round her waist. We admired the birds, etc., and asked what they wanted. The gentleman in the shirt, who appeared to be the only one who spoke any English, said, "Want sugar, want rum; good-bye." He never smiled when making remarks. Mr. Macgregor called them all in, and told the butler to give them something to eat, and they began to eat bread and salt beef. The spokesman sat at table, the men stood round, behind stood the women, to whom the men handed food over their shoulders. I was astonished at their cool manner, but Mr. Macgregor said that when white people went into the bush they walked into the Indians' houses, and expected to be fed, and that the Indians expected to be treated just the same when they came down to the coast.

These people do no continuous work, and are of no use as laborers on a sugar estate. They very rarely appear on the east coast, as they only care to travel by water, but they are very commonly seen near the creeks and rivers. They are

most stolid and immovable, they appear to notice nothing and admire nothing; but it is said that nothing escapes their notice, and like the Red Indians of North America, to whom they are probably a sort of cousins, they can track game by marks in the forest which are totally invisible to the white man's eye. This they do without an effort, just as we without an effort gather sense from a page of print meaningless to the uneducated.

As soon as these good people had gone away—and they left very soon without a word of thanks, and apparently not very well pleased at not having been offered a "schnapp"—some of Macgregor's neighbors arrived, and we adjourned to the garden for a game of lawn tennis. I preferred looking on, and soon we had to say good-bye, and drive away to catch the train to Georgetown. S. BELLAIRS.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
REALISM AND ROMANCE.

THE question attributed to St. Bernard, "Whither hast thou come?" is agitating critical and literary minds. There has seldom been so much writing about the value and condition of contemporary literature—that is, of contemporary fiction. In English and American journals and magazines a new battle of the books is being fought, and the books are the books of the circulating library. Literary persons have always revelled in a brawl, and now they are in the thick of the fray. Across the Atlantic the question of novel or romance—of romance or realism—appears to be taking the place of the old dispute about State rights, and is argued by some with polished sarcasm, by others with libelous vigor. One critic and novelist makes charges, as desperate as that of Harry Blount at Flodden, into the serried ranks of the amateurs of adventurous legend. Another novelist and critic compares his comrade to Mrs. Partington with her broom sweeping back the tide of romance; the comparison is of the mustiest. Surely—a superior person may be excused for hinting—contemporary literature is rather overvalued, when all this pother is made about a few novels. There have been considerable writers before Mr. Marion Crawford, and, if we are to love books, the masterpieces of the past might seem to have most claim on our attention. But the world will not take Mr. Matthew Arnold's advice about neglecting the

works of our fleeting age. I would make a faint and hypocritical protest against regarding the novels of the moment as the whole of literature, before I plunge into the eddying fray. "Children of an hour," I would say to my brethren, "it is not of literature ye are writing so busily, but of the bookish diversions of the moment." Literature is what endures, and what will endure; of all the novels we fight over in reviews and at dinner-tables, will even the impulses and methods and sentiments endure? In changed and modified forms doubtless they will go on living (like the rest of us), but a little toss of the dust that settles on neglected shelves will silence all our hubbub. Therefore do not let us exaggerate the merit of our modern works; only three or four of them will be raised into that changeless world where "Tom Jones" is and "The Bride of Lammermoor," where "Esmond" is and "Pickwick." This warning is merely a matter of conscience and caution, lest one should be confused with the person of wide reading — whose reading is confined to the monthly magazines. All of us, in fact, are like the men of Homer's age — the latest songs, the last romances are dearest to us, as to the Ithacan wooers of old time.

For novel lays attract the ravished ears,  
But old the mind with inattention hears,

as the ingenious Mr. Pope translates it. However much we may intellectually prefer the old books, the good books, the classics, we find ourselves reading the books of the railway stall. Here have we for travelling companions "The History and Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his Friend, Mr. Abraham Adams" (1743) on one side, and "Lady Branksmere" (1887), by the author of "Phyllis," on the other. The diverting author of "Phyllis" will pardon me for thinking Henry Fielding a greater author than she, but it is about the charming Margaret Daryl, in her novel, that I am reading just now, and *not* about the brother of Pamela. We are all like that, we all praise the old and peruse the new; he who turns over this magazine is in no better case.

Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère!

After this confession and apology, one may enter the lists where critical lances are broken and knights unsaddled; where authors and reviewers, like Malory's men, "lash at each other marvellously." The dispute is the old dispute about the two sides of the shield. Fiction is a shield

with two sides, the silver and the golden: the study of manners and of character, on one hand; on the other, the description of adventure, the delight of romantic narrative. Now, these two aspects blend with each other so subtly and so constantly, that it really seems the extreme of perversity to shout for nothing but romance on one side, or for nothing but analysis of character and motive on the other. Yet for such abstractions and divisions people are clamoring and quarrelling. On one side, we are told that accurate minute descriptions of life as it is lived, with all its most sordid forms carefully elaborated, is the essence of literature; on the other, we find people maintaining that analysis is *ausgespielt* (as Mr. Bret Harte's critical shoeblack says), and that the great heart of the people demands tales of swashing blows, of distressed maidens rescued, of "murders grim and great," of magicians and princesses, and wanderings in fairy lands forlorn. Why should we not have all sorts, and why should the friends of one kind of diversion quarrel with the lovers of another kind? A day or two ago, at a cricket match, I was discussing literary matters with an amateur of fourteen, the inheritor of a very noble name in English literature. We were speaking of Mr. Stevenson's "Kidnapped." "I don't care for anything in it but the battle in the Round House," said this critic. I ventured to remark that I thought the wandering on the hills with Alan Breck was very good. "Then it is good — for you," answered the other, and that is the conclusion of the whole matter. That is good which is good for each of us, and why should I quarrel with another gentleman because he likes to sadden himself o'er with the pale cast of Dostoeffsky, or to linger long hours with M. Tolstoi in the shade, while I prefer to be merry with Miss Margaret Daryl, or to cleave heads with Umslopogaas or Sir Lancelot in the sunshine? What can be more ludicrous than to excommunicate Thackeray, because we rejoice in Dickens; to boycott Daisy Miller because we admire Ayesha? Upon my word, I hardly know which of these maidens I would fiefier meet in the paradise of fiction, where all good novel-readers hope to go; whether the little pathetic butterfly who died in Rome or she who shrivelled away in the flame of Kôr. Let us be thankful for good things and plenty of them; thankful for this vast and goodly assembly of people who never were; "daughters of dreams and of stories," among whom we may all make

friends that will never be estranged. Dear Dugald Dalgetty, and dear Sylvestre Bonnard, and thou, younger daughter of Silas Lapham, and Leatherstocking, and Emma Bovary, and Alan Breck, and Emmy Sedley, and Umslopogaas, and Sophia Western—may we meet you all! In the paradise of fiction there shall be "neither bond nor free," neither talk of analysis nor of romance, but all the characters of story that *live* shall dwell together deathless.

Our heroes may sleep not, nor slumber,  
And Porthos may welcome us there.

What is good, what is permanent, may be found in fiction of every *genre*, and shall we "crab" and underrate any *genre* because it chances not to be that which we are best fitted to admire? I, for one, admire M. Dostoieffsky so much, and so sincerely, that I pay him the supreme tribute of never reading him at all. Of "Le Crime et le Châtiment," some one has said that "it is good—but powerful." That is exactly the truth; it is too powerful for me. I read in that book till I was crushed and miserable; so bitterly true it is, so dreadfully exact, such a quintessence of all the imaginable misery of man. Then, after reaching the lowest deep of sympathetic abandonment (which I plumbed in about four chapters), I emerged, feeling that I had enough of M. Dostoieffsky for one lifetime. The novel, to my thinking, is simply perfect in its kind; only the kind happens to be too powerful for my constitution. I prefer a cigarette to that massive weed, with a Spanish rame, on the enjoyment of which Mr. Verdant Green, greatly daring, ventured at a freshman's wine. To what purpose, then, should I run down Russian novels as tedious and lugubrious? As far as I have wandered across the steppes and *tundras* of Russian fiction, it is vast, wind-swept, chilly, with dark forests and frozen expanses, and, here and there, a set of human beings at unequal war with destiny, with the czar, with the laws of the universe, and the nature of things. Nothing can be more true, more masterly, more natural. But it is not exhilarating, and is not salutary for a nature prone to gloom, and capable of manufacturing its own pessimism on the premises without extra charge. The same remarks (purely personal) apply to certain English and American novels. There is a little tale, "A Village Tragedy," by Mrs. Woods, which I view with dread. I know I shall drift into reading it, and adding another stone to the cairn which we all pile so assidu-

ously on the dead body of our youth, on our festivity, on our enjoyment of existence. The worst, not the best of it, is that these legends are all "ower-true tales," and are often written with admirable care and attention. Again, there are stories in which the less desirable and delightful traits of human character are dwelt on, as it were by preference, till a man feels almost as merry as if he had been reading Swift's account of the Yahoos. For example, there is Mr. Howells's "Modern Instance." Here is a masterly novel, and a true picture of life, but of what a life! All the time one is reading it, one is in the company of a gentleman of the press, who is not, and is not meant to be, a gentleman in any other sense of the word. He is mean, and impudent, and genial, and unabashed; he has not the rudiments of taste or of breeding; he distresses and diverts one beyond endurance. But even he is an angel of good company compared with his passionate, jealous, and third-rate wife, who may match, as a picture of the wrong sort of woman, with Thackeray's Mrs. Mackenzie. The whole book is a page torn out of life, as people say, and it has wit as well as veracity and observation. Yet it makes one miserable, as Thackeray does not make one miserable, because the book contains no Clive, no Fred Bayham, no Colonel Newcome, no J. J., and no portly father of J. J. No admiration, however enthusiastic or personal, of modern stories of adventure can blind one to the merits of works of realism like "A Modern Instance," or "Le Crime et le Châtiment," or "The Bostonians." These are real, they are excellent; and if one's own taste is better pleased by another kind of writing, none the less they are good for the people whom they suit; nay, they should be recognized as good by any one with an eye in his literary head. One only begins to object if it is asserted that this *genre* of fiction is the only permissible *genre*, that nothing else is of the nature of art. For it is evident that this kind of realism has a tendency to blink many things in life which are as real as jealous third-rate shrews and boozy pressmen. Of course the distinguished chiefs of modern realism do not *always* blink what is pleasant, gay, sunny, and kindly in human nature. The Misses Lapham, or the Miss Laphams (grammarians may choose) seem to me delightful girls, despite their education. The lady of the Aroostook was (as the young critic might say) a brick. So was Verena, the fair lecturer in "The



Bostonians." But (to my mind) the tendency of realism in fiction is often to find the unpleasant real in character much more abundant than the pleasant real. I am a pessimist myself, as the other Scot was "a leear," but I have found little but good in man and woman. Politics apart, men and women seem almost always to be kind, patient, courteous, good-humored, and well-bred in all ranks of society — when once you know them well. I think that the realists, while they certainly show us the truth, are fondest of showing that aspect of it which is really the less common as well as the less desirable. Perhaps mean people are more easily drawn than generous people; at all events from the school of realists we get too many mean people — even from a realist who is as little a realist as the king was a royalist — from M. Zola. These writers appear not to offer up Henry Fielding's prayer to the muse, "Fill my pages with humor, till mankind learn the good nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own." There is not much humor in their works, and little good humor is bred of them. That is the difference between work like Thackeray's, where there are abundant studies of the infinitely little in human nature, and work like that of many modern amateurs of realism. "It takes all sorts to make a world," and all sorts, by virtue of his humor, Thackeray gives us. He gives us Captain Costigan and Harry Foker, as well as the crawling things in "Lovel the Widower." He gives us gentlemen and ladies, as well as tuft-hunters and the George Brandons of this world. Fielding and Scott have this humor, this breadth, this greatness. Were I in a mood to disparage the modern realists (whereas I have tried to show that their books are, in substance, about as good as possible, granting the *genre*), I might say that they not only use the microscope, and ply experiments, but ply them, too often, *in corpore vili*. One does not dream of denying that they do exhibit noble and sympathetic characters — now and then. But happy, and jolly, and humorous people they hardly ever show us; yet these have their place among realities. And, on the whole, they do prefer to be busy with the rarer sort of realities, with the Cousine Bettas, and the like. And they show a sort of cruelty and coldness in their dealings with their own creations. If I were to draw up an indictment, I might add that some of them have an almost unholy knowledge of the nature of women.

One would as lief explore a girl's room, and tumble about her little household treasures, as examine so curiously the poor secrets of her heart and tremors of her frame. Mr. Christie Murray, an admirable novelist, has said this, and said it well. Such analysis makes one feel uncomfortable in the reading, makes one feel intrusive and unmanly. It is like overhearing a confession by accident. A well-known book of M. E. de Goncourt's is full of the kind of prying that I have in my mind. It is, perhaps, science — it may be art; and to say that it is extremely disagreeable may be to exhibit old-fashioned prejudice. Good it may be, clever it is; but it is not good for me.

So much one who is not of their school may say for the realists of our time. Of their style one would rather say little, because naturally each has his own style. The common merits, on the whole, are carefulness, determined originality, labored workmanship in language, and energetic nicety of speech. The natural defects that attend these merits are inverted adjectives, "preciousness," affectation, "a nice derangement of epitaphs." For one, I do not much object to these errors, or I might be obliged to dislike Charles Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne. But I do object to the occasional apparition, among all the chiselled niceties, of a burly piece of newspaper slang, of a gross, palpable provincial idiom, or a *cliché* of the American reporter. Style, by all means, let us have; but don't let it be so mixed. The realistic style is now and then thus mixed — that is the pity of it.

In trying to estimate modern, especially English and American, realistic fiction as a whole, one has first to admit that it is never fair to do anything of the sort. It is a rough, clumsy way of dealing, to give a name or a nickname to a crowd of writers, and then to decide offhand upon their common qualities. Many of them may object to the name of realists altogether. They all vary as much as other people in their natural talent, education, and character. But, as far as any modern English and American novels have been written with an avowed æsthetic purpose, and that purpose the unrelentingly minute portraiture of modern life and analysis of modern character, the unrelenting exclusion of exciting events and engaging narrative, we may say that these novels, though often full of talent, are limited in scope, and are frequently cramped in style. The pretension that all modern novels should be composed in this *genre*, and that all

others are of the nature of original sin, seems to be an impossible pretension.

At this moment the strife is between the partisans of realism thus understood and the partisans of stories told for the story's sake. Now, there is no reason at all why stories told for the story's sake should not be rich in studies of character — peopled by men and women as real as Mr. and Mrs. Bartley Hubbard, both of whom you may (if you are unlucky) meet any day. The *Odyssey* is the typical example of a romance as probable as the "Arabian Nights," yet unblemished in the conduct of the plot, and peopled by men and women of flesh and blood. Are we to be told that we love the *Odyssey* because the barbaric element has not died out of our blood, and because we have a childish love of marvels, miracles, man-eating giants, women who never die, "murders grim and great," and Homer's other materials? Very well. "Public opinion," in Boston, may condemn us, but we will get all the fun we can out of the ancestral barbarism of our natures. I only wish we had more of it. The coming man may be bald, toothless, highly "cultured," and addicted to tales of introspective analysis. I don't envy him when he has got rid of that relic of the ape, his hair; those relics of the age of combat, his teeth and nails; that survival of barbarism, his delight in the last battles of Odysseus, Laertes's son. I don't envy him the novels he will admire, nor the pap on which he will feed bearsomely, as Mr. John Payne says of the vampire. Not for nothing did nature leave us all savages under our white skins; she has wrought thus that we might have many delights, among others "the joy of adventurous living," and of reading about adventurous living. There is a novel of Mrs. Burnett's, "Through one Administration," which the civilized person within me, the man of the future within me, heartily delights to peruse. It is all about a pretty, analytic, self-conscious American married lady, and the problem is to discover whom she is in love with, and why. Is it her husband, or the soldier, or the government clerk? Does she know which it is herself? As they are all "moral men" like Werther, and "would do nothing for to hurt her," the excitement, to a civilized mind, is extremely keen. They all talk about their emotions forever, and the pleasure which this affords to the man of the future in each of us is almost too poignant. I nearly cried when a property Red Indian (not *coram populo*, of course) scalped the true lover, and ended

the tale. But the natural man within me, the survival of some blue-painted Briton or of some gipsy, was equally pleased with a true Zulu love story, sketched in two pages, a story so terrible, so moving, in the long, gallant fight against odds, and the awful unheard-of death-agony of two Zulu lovers, that I presume no civilized fancy could have invented the incidents that actually occurred. If one were wholly civilized, and "cultured" to the backbone (if one may mention that feature), the savage tale would have failed to excite. If one were all savage, all Zulu, "Through one Administration" would leave one a little uninterested. The savage within us calls out for more news about the fight with the Apache, or Piute, who killed the soldier-man.

The advantage of our mixed condition, civilized at top with the old barbarian under our clothes, is just this, that we can enjoy all sorts of things. We can enjoy "John Inglesant" (some of us), and others can revel in Buffalo Bill's exhibition. Do not let us cry that, because we are "cultured," there shall be no Buffalo Bill. Do not let us exclaim that, because we can read Paulus Silentarius and admire Rufinus, there shall be no broadside ballads nor magazine poetry. If we will only be tolerant, we shall permit the great public also to delight in our few modern romances of adventure. They may be "savage survivals," but so is the whole of the poetic way of regarding nature. The flutter in the dovescots of culture caused by three or four boys' books is amazing. Culture is saddened at discovering that not only boys and illiterate people, but even critics not wholly illiterate, can be moved by a tale of adventure. "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" are boys' books written by an author of whose genius, for narrative, for delineation of character, for style, I hardly care to speak, lest enthusiasm should seem to border on fanaticism. But, with all his gifts, Mr. Stevenson intended only a boys' book when he wrote "Treasure Island" and restored romance. He had shown his hand, as a novelist of character and analysis, in "Prince Otto." But he did not then use just the old immortal materials of adventure. As soon as he touched those, he made a boys' book which became a classic, and deserved to be a classic. "Kidnapped" is still better, to my taste, and indeed Scott himself might have been the narrator of Alan Breck's battle, of his wanderings, of his quarrel with the other piper. But these things are a little over the heads of boys

who have not the literary taste. They prefer the adventures of Sir Harry and the other Allan in Kukuana-land or in Zuvendis. We may not agree with their taste, but that is their taste. Probably no critic would venture to maintain that the discoverer of Kôr has the same literary qualities as the historian of John Silver. It seems a pity, when we chance to have two good things, to be always setting one off against the other, and fighting about their relative merits. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard have both written novels, have both written boys' books. Personally, I prefer their boys' books to their novels. They seem happier in their dealings with men than with women, and with war than with love. Of the two, Jess appears to me real, and the wife of Mr. Stevenson's Prince Otto shadowy. But Mr. Haggard's savage ladies are better than his civilized fair ones, while there is not a petticoat in "Kidnapped" or "Treasure Island." As for "She" herself, nobody can argue with a personal affection, which I entertain for that long-lived lady.

The holy priests

Bless her when she is riggish,

Shakespeare says of Cleopatra, and, like the holy priests, I can pardon certain inconsequences in Ayesha. But other moralists must find her trying; poor Ayesha, who "was a true lover," though she did not therefore, like Guinevere, "make a good end." Apparently female characters are not the strong point either of Mr. Haggard or of Mr. Stevenson, as far as they have gone. Consequently it is difficult to compare those agreeable writers with, let us say, M. E. de Goncourt or Mr. Howells. Nor is there much reason in comparing them with each other. Mr. Stevenson is a born man of letters, a born student of style. Since Thackeray no English author has been gifted with or has acquired a manner so perfect, so subtle, so original. And yet he has plenty to say, though he can say it so well, "which is strange." Unlike Sir Walter Scott, he can write English as well as he can write Scotch, and, since Scott, no one has written Scotch like him. If any short story comes second to the tale of "Wandering Willie," it is "Thrawn Janet." In addition to all these accomplishments, Mr. Stevenson possesses an imagination which touches that of Edgar Poe on one side, and of M. Anatole France on the other. He can be as witty as Mr. George Meredith, as humorous as Burns, as sad as

night, and as jolly as the jolly beggars. Perhaps his "Night with Villon" is the most perfect of modern short studies in romance. One cannot be too thankful for a writer with such various endowments. There is no sense in comparing them with Mr. Haggard's gifts; he only resembles Mr. Stevenson in natural daring and inventiveness, and in having written admirable tales of adventure. He is as far as possible from being a born student, or a born master of style. He does not see the world through books, and he writes like a sportsman of genius. Thus one cannot pretend to criticise the style of the romantic school, as (to a certain extent and with limitations) we may criticise the style of the realistic school. There is, there can be, no romantic school. Any clever man or woman may elaborate a realistic novel according to the rules, and may adopt the laborious use of inverted adjectives. But romance bloweth where she listeth, and now she utters her message to a student and a master of words, like Mr. Stevenson, through whom the tale reaches us "breathed softly as through the flutes of the Grecians." Now, again, romance tells Mr. Haggard her dreams beside the camp-fire in the Transvaal, among the hunters on the hills of prey, and he repeats them in a straightforward hunter's manner, and you believe in the impossible and credit adventures that never could be achieved. As works of art, the books of these two writers do not invite comparison, but both are inspired by that same venturesome maid of Helicon, who somewhere learned the history of Odysseus's wanderings, and revealed them to the man of Chios. Let us be grateful for all good things in literature, and not reject one because it lacks the grace or the glory of another. We are not to sneer at a good story, because the narrative might be better graced. How much Scott cared for style, or even for grammar, is but too manifest, even to persons who have not examined his manuscripts, wherein there is scarce an erasure or an alteration. Sir Walter reeled it off at a white heat. Thackeray's manuscripts are of a different aspect; what Balzac's were like all readers of literary anecdote know very well. To every man his own method, his own qualities, his own faults. Let us be grateful for the former, and a little blind to the latter.

Whatever the merits and demerits of modern English romance, one thing is certain. It is now undeniable that the love of adventure and of mystery, and of

a good fight lingers in the minds of men and women. They are stirred by the diamonds and the rich ingots, the "Last Stand of the Greys" (a chapter from actual history), the bland John Silver, and the malevolent Gagool. The moral is manifest enough. The moral is not that even the best boys' books are the highest class of fiction, but that there is still room for romance, and love of romance, in civilized human nature. Once more it is apparent that no single *genre* of novel is in future, or at least in the near future, to be a lonely literary sultan, lording it without rival over the circulating libraries. But to argue, therefore, that there is no more room for the novel of analysis and of minute study of character would be merely to make a new mistake. There will always, while civilized life endures, and while man is not yet universally bald and toothless — there will always be room for all kinds of fiction, *so long as they are good*. A new Jane Austen would be as successful as a new Charles Kingsley. Moreover, it will always be possible to combine the interest of narrative and of adventure with the interest of character. This combination has been possible in the earliest literature. If we take the saga of the Volsungs and Niflungs, we find the union already perfect. What can be more barbaric than the opening of the saga? Perhaps even Mr. Rider Haggard would not introduce a hero whose brother was a serpent, or a hero who turned into a wolf and bit off an old lady's tongue, and became the father of a family of little wolves. Yet this very saga has the characters of Sigurd and Gudrun; the immortal scene of the discovery of wronged and thwarted love; the man's endurance of it; the woman's revolt, and all the ruin that she drew on herself, her lord, her lover, and her kin. There is no more natural, true, and simple picture of human nature, human affections and passions, in Balzac or in Shakespeare, than that scene from a savage tale which begins with the loves and hates of serpents and were-wolves. What could be combined in an entrancing whole by a minstrel of Chios, by a sagaman of Lithend, need not be kept apart in modern fiction. We may still have excellent studies of life and character, with little of the interest of story in them. We may still have admirable romances, in which the delight of adventure far exceeds the interest of character, or, very often, the elegance of style. And we may still have novels, like many of Scott's, in which

character, and life, and adventure are so mingled in a whole, that we can scarce tell which of them charms us most. There is even room for the novel of disquisition and discussion of life, as no admirer of Fielding, and Thackeray, and George Eliot will deny. Some of us will be better pleased by one kind, some by another. All will be good for some of us, if they are good in their kind. Why should persons of this taste or that give themselves airs, as if they only were the elect? A man need not hate "M. Lecoq" because he delights in "Manon Lescaut." A man may have his hours for "Madame Bovary," and his hours for "Le Cardinal," and his hours for "Le Crime de l'Opéra." "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon;" let us condemn none of the heavenly bodies. I have heard Mark Twain called a "barbarian." This will not make me say that "Huckleberry Finn" is better than a wilderness of "Prophets of the Great Smoky Mountain." But I will admit that I vastly prefer old Huck, that hero of an Odyssey of the Mississippi. I can even imagine that a person of genius might write a novel "all about religion," or all about agnosticism, which might be well worth reading. I don't expect to live to see that romance, but it may come, for the novel is a perfect Proteus, and can assume all shapes, and please in all. The lesson, then, is that it "takes every sort to make a world," that all sorts have their chance, and that none should assert an exclusive right to existence. Do not let us try to write as if we were writing for *Homo Calvinus*, the bald-headed student of the future. Do not let us despise the day of small things, and of small people; the microscopic examination of the hearts of young girls and beery provincial journalists. These, too, are human, and not alien from us, nor unworthy of our interest. The dubitations of a Bostonian spinster may be made as interesting, by one genius, as a fight between a crocodile and a catawampus, by another genius. One may be as much excited in trying to discover whom a married American lady is really in love with, as by the search for the fire of immortality in the heart of Africa. But if there is to be no *modus vivendi*, if the battle between the crocodile of realism and the catawampus of romance is to be fought out to the bitter end — why, in that Ragnarök, I am on the side of the catawampus.

ANDREW LANG.

From Temple Bar.

## LOOKING BACKWARDS.

"I HAVE no intention of writing an autobiography," says Mr. Adolphus Trollope. He may have remembered George Eliot's opinion, that "biographies are a disease of English literature." That gifted writer held some strange opinions, but there is good ground for this one, if we do not—as no doubt George Eliot did not—include in the remark autobiographies, which are frequently delightful, and in which this season will be particularly rich. We are also promised a work from which we expect much, the "Reminiscences of Sir Frederick Pollock." Then the eagerly-looked-for "Life of Darwin," the biography of Sir Stratford de Redcliffe, lives of Emerson, Douglas, Forsyth, with others we do not now recall, will help to cheer our long November nights, but just now we will speak of Mr. Trollope's "Autobiography."

There are three Trollopes known to fame, a mother and two of her sons; Mrs. Trollope, whose "Widow Barnaby" was long in standing demand in the old-fashioned libraries before the days of Mr. Mudie; Anthony, the author of "Barchester Towers;" and Adolphus, who wrote "La Beata"—a little gem, saturated with local color. It is not often that three persons in one family attain to success in one particular branch of literature. Two out of the three Brontës did, but the third did not discover the genius of the other two.

It is Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the elder of the two brothers, whose autobiography, under the title of "What I Remember," comes before the public this autumn.

I have lived a long time [says Mr. Trollope]. I remember an aged porter at the monastery of the "Sagro Eremo," above Camaldoli, who had taken brevet rank as a saint solely on the score of his ninety years. His brethren called him and considered him as Saint Simon, simply because he had been porter at that gate for more than sixty years. Now my credentials as a babler of reminiscences are of a similar nature to those of the old porter. I have been here so many, many years.

The story of the journey of life told by intelligence to youth will always fascinate. Age loves to retread paths in which it forgets its troubles of the time for the adventure it enjoyed, and youth listens to a romance as interesting as if it were as untrue as Robinson Crusoe. A considerable portion of the first volume of Mr. Trollope's reminiscences has some of the

interest of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and old Wykehamists will delight to see their past days so pleasantly brought back to them. To older people, it is pleasant to hear again of the days of the two tallow candles, and the snuffer-tray between them, and the dinner-hour settled so that we might go and hear Edmund Kean afterwards. But Mr. Trollope has been a traveller, has seen cities and men, has been a writer of novels, of books of travel, has been a special correspondent, and been behind the scenes of the political world. He is one who has been converted by Mr. Gladstone to the temperate Toryism of to-day, and who has come back to his own country to spend his last days in sight of "the silver streak."

"Never, Tom," said my grandfather, "put in motion forces which you are unable to control." This sound advice, which is blown to the winds by the sort of national-convention politicians we are now breeding, oddly enough came from a man who sank his money in "patents about as remunerative and useful as that which Charles the Second is said to have granted to a sailor who stood on his head on the top of Salisbury steeple, securing to him the monopoly of that practice." There was humor in that Charles.

Very early in these reminiscences we get a glimpse of the stage in its palmy days, and of the eagerness of people to see and hear the great actors of that time.

I remember to have heard my mother speak of an incident which somewhat curiously illustrates the ways and habits of a time already so far left behind us by a whole world of social changes. It was nothing more than a simple visit to the theatre to hear Mrs. Siddons in "Lady Macbeth." But this exploit involved circumstances that rendered it memorable for other reasons besides the intense gratification derived from the performance. In the first place "the pit" was the destination to which my father and mother were bound; not altogether, I take it, so much for the sake of the lower price of admission (though my father was a sufficiently poor and a sufficiently careful man to render this a consideration), as from the idea that the pit offered the best vantage ground for a thoroughly appreciative and critical judgment of the performance. This visit to the pit involved the necessity of being at the theatre at two in the afternoon, and then *standing* in the crowd till, if I rightly remember, six in the evening! Of course food had to be carried. Of course each man there did his best to support and assist the lady under his charge. But the ordeal must have been something tremendous, and the amount of enthusiasm needed to induce a lady to face it something scarcely to be understood



at the present day. My mother used to relate that sundry women were carried out from the crowd at the theatre door fainting.

The old coaching memories are by no means the least delightful in these volumes, telling as they do of the "Quick-silver" and the Exeter Telegraph, of the four miles between Ilchester and Ilminster done in twenty minutes, of the guard alone on the hinder boot with his blunderbuss before him, of the hearty breakfasts with twenty minutes allowed, when cream and butter and hot toast, eggs, beef, etc., disappeared with marvellous facility under the sprightly air of an autumn morning.

Time works its changes, and won't even leave language alone. In those days Berkeley was pronounced Barkley, and Mr. Trollope says that when he was a lad old-fashioned people called Rome Room; gold, gould; James, Jeames; beefsteak, beefsteek; and danger and stranger had the letter "a" in them pronounced as in "man." The late Lord John Russell always to the last said "obleege." Nevertheless Mr. Trollope thinks that written English then was more correct than it is now, and he sees constantly in these days words wrongly used in print. Take the word trouble, he says, which is an active verb:—

Now scarcely a day passes without my meeting in print with such phrases as "He did not trouble," meaning, trouble himself; "I hope you won't trouble," instead of trouble yourself. To old-fashioned ears it seems a detestable vulgarism.

And again:—

Of course it is an abuse of language to say that the beauty of a pretty girl strikes you with awe. But he who *first* said of some girl that she was "awfully" pretty, was abundantly justified by the half humorous, half serious consideration of all the effects such loveliness may produce. But then, because this was felt to be the case, and the *mot* was accepted, all the tens of thousands of idiotic cretins who have been rubbed down into exact similarity to each other by excessive locomotion and the "speed" of education—spread, indeed, after the fashion in which a gold-beater spreads his metal—imitate each other in the senseless use of it. They are just like the man in the Joe Miller story, who, because a laugh followed when a host, whose servant let fall a dish with a boiled tongue in it, said it was only a *lapsus lingue*, ordered his own servant to throw down a leg of mutton, and then made the same remark.

Here is a delicious story of a kissing parson, given by Mr. Trollope. Lucky

dogs, the clergy have their privileges; and Mrs. Trollope even allowed that their first kiss might be hedged round with a sort of sacred sanction, but she drew the line so as to bar all claim to a second—at least on the same grounds.

Among the neighbors at Harrow was a Mr. — (well, I won't print the name, though all the parties in question must long since, I suppose, have joined the majority), who had a family of daughters, the second of whom was exceedingly pretty. One day this girl, of some eighteen years or so, came to my mother, who was always a special friend of all the young girls, with a eulogistic defence of the vicar. She was describing at much length the delight of the assurances of grace which he had given her, when my mother suddenly, looking her straight in the eyes, said, "Did he kiss you, Carrie?" "Yes, Mrs. Trollope. He *did* give me the kiss of peace. I am sure there was no harm in that!" "None at all, Carrie! For I am *sure* you meant none!" returned my mother. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* But remember, Carrie, that the kiss of peace is apt to change its quality if repeated!"

Whatever difference of opinion may exist on matters of religion, we think all will admit that some good came out of the Tractarian movement. The gifted men who set that ball rolling were men who had taken high honors, and were completely distinct in that as in other matters from the Ritualistic school, which has very few men among its leaders who can show a distinguished college career. It could hardly be otherwise, for the really able men fight only about essentials, and don't condescend to the battle of the vestments. To have the services of our Church decently read was something to fight for, and such stories as the following told by Mr. Trollope are now impossible.

In reading, or rather intoning the prayers, the habit was to allow no time at all for the choir to chant their "Amen," which had to be interjected in such sort that when the tones of it died away the priest had already got through two or three lines of the following prayer. One of our chaplains, who had the well-deserved character of being the fastest of the three, we called the diver. For it was his practice in reading or intoning to continue with great rapidity as long as his breath would last, and then while recovering it to proceed mentally without any interruption, so that we lost sight (or hearing) of him at one point, and when he came to the surface, *i.e.*, became audible again, he was several lines further down the page, and this we called "diving." It was probably believed in college that this was the gentleman of whom the story was first told, that he was ready to give any man to

"Pontius Pilate" in the Creed, and arrive at the end before him.

Another of our three chaplains was a great sportsman. It was the practice that the lessons were always read in chapel by one of the prefects.

I remember, by-the-by (but this is parenthetical), that one of our number was unable to pronounce the "r," and we used to scheme that it should fall to his lot to tell us that "Bawabbas was a wobber."

Now the boy who read the lessons, sat, not in his usual place, but by the side of the chaplain who was performing the service. And it was the habit of the reverend sportsman I have referred to, to intercalate with the verses of the Psalm he was reading, *sotto voce*, anecdotes of his most recent sporting achievements, addressed to the youth at his side, using for the purpose the interval during which the choir recited the alternate verse.

As thus, on one twenty-eighth evening of the month, well remembered after some sixty years:—

Who smote great kings: for His mercy endureth forever.

Then aside, in the well-known great rolling mellow voice (I can hear it now):—

"On Hurstley Down yesterday I was out with Jack Woodburn" (this was another minor canon of the cathedral, but not one of our chaplains) . . .

Shon king of the Amorites: for His mercy endureth forever.

"My black bitch Juno put up a covey almost to our feet."

And gave away their land for a heritage: for His mercy endureth forever."

"I blazed away with both barrels, and brought down a brace."

Who remembered us when we were in trouble: for His mercy endureth forever."

And so on.

Mr. Trollope tells a very singular story told him by Blanco White, which we must abbreviate for want of space. A priest was condemned at Seville to capital punishment. That the public might be properly impressed, market-day was selected for the purpose. To be degraded from his sacerdotal character he had to pass through the market-place, whilst the powers deemed inherent in the priesthood were still in his possession. Undegraded as yet and unrepentant, he dealt a malicious blow at the people assembled to witness his degradation. "Suddenly in the market-place, he stretched out his arms, and pronounced with a loud voice the uncancellable sacramental words, 'HOC EST CORPUS.' All the contents of that vast mass were instantaneously transubstantiated! All the food in Seville was forthwith unavailable for any baser than eucharistic purposes, and Seville had

to observe the vindictive priest's last day on earth as a very vigorous fast day."

While at Oxford Mr. Trollope had the advantage of the lectures of Whately, a man, if not of genius, of great talent and wit. Mr. Trollope says that he considers "Whately to have been the wittiest man he ever knew;" and contemporary memoirs teem at least with proofs of his wit. A lady once went to Dublin Castle in such very full dress that more bust than *barège* was visible. "Did you ever see anything so unblushing?" said some one to the archbishop. "Never, since I was weaned," replied the wit.

"The difference between a form and a ceremony," said Whately, "is a nice one, and it lies in this, you *sit* upon a form, and you stand *upon* ceremony."

He was very happy in some of his apothegms, and when some one quoted the well-known proverb "Honesty is the best policy,"—"True," he replied; "yet he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man."

Mr. Trollope says:—

Whately's wit was not of the kind which ever made any "table roar." It was of that higher and deeper kind, which consists in prompt perception, not of the superficial resemblances in dissimilar things, but in the underlying resemblances disclosed only to the eye capable of appreciating at a glance the essential qualities and characteristics of the matter in hand. I have heard Whately deliciously witty at a logic or Euclid lecture.

How wise Whately could be on political matters is well known. Let us hear the great Liberal priest on attempts to pacify Ireland by yielding to the criminals who now pretend to represent her:—

"To seek to pacify Ireland," he writes a little further on, "by compliance and favor shown to its disturbers would be even worse than the superstitious procedure of our forefathers, with their weapon salve, who left the wound to itself, and applied their unguents to the sword which had inflicted it."

We present these opinions to the member for Midlothian. The opinions were formerly his also, but a disastrous alliance no longer permits him their enjoyment.

One of the greatest charms of Mr. Trollope's two volumes is the immense variety of subjects treated of. He saw so many countries, talked with so many eminent men, and frequently on topics of general interest, that you have never the sense of fatigue, sometimes resulting from good matter too long drawn out.

Here we have a character of Chateaubriand:—

Among the many persons of note whom I became more or less well acquainted with, no one perhaps stands out more vividly in my recollection than Chateaubriand. He also, though standing much aloof from the noise and movement of the political passions of the time, was an aristocrat *jusqu'au bout des ongles*, in appearance, in manners, in opinions, and general tone of mind. The impression to this effect immediately produced on one's first presentation was in no degree due to any personal advantages. He was not, when I knew him, nor do I think he ever could have been, a good-looking man. He stooped a good deal, and his head and shoulders gave me the impression of being somewhat too large for the rest of his person. The lower part of his face, too, was, I thought, rather heavy.

But his every word and movement were characterized by that exquisite courtesy which was the inalienable, and it would seem incommunicable, speciality of the seigneurs of the *ancien régime*. And in his case the dignified bearing of the grand seigneur was tempered by a *bonhomie* which produced a manner truly charming.

And having said all this, it may seem to argue want of taste or want of sense in myself, to own, as truthfulness compels me to do, that I did not altogether like him. I had a good deal of talk with him, and that to a youngster of my years and standing was in itself very flattering, and I felt as if I were ungrateful for not liking him. But the truth in one word is that he appeared to me to be a "tinkling cymbal." I don't mean that he was specially insincere as regarded the person he was talking to at the moment. What I do mean is, that the man did not seem to me to have a mind capable of genuine sincerity in the conduct of its operations. He seemed to me a theatrically-minded man.

Miss O'Meara, in her "Salon of Madame Mohl," has given us a delightful account of that somewhat eccentric old lady. Mrs. Simpson has added some new matter, some of which would have been better embodied in Miss O'Meara's work. Mr. Trollope knew her well, and found her

an eccentric little lady, very plain, brimful of talent, who had achieved the wonderful triumph of living, in the midst of the choicest society of Paris, her own life after her own fashion, which was often in many respects a very different fashion from that of those around her, without incurring any of the ridicule or anathemas with which such society is wont to visit eccentricity. I remember a good-naturedly recounted legend, to the effect that she used to have her chemises, which were constructed after the manner of those worn by the grandmothers of the present generation, marked with her name in full on the front flap of them;

and that this flap was often exhibited over the bosom of her dress in front! She too was a *reine de salon* after her fashion—a somewhat different one from that of her elegant neighbor.\* There was, at all events, a greater and more *piquant* variety to be found in it. All those to be found there were, however, worth seeing or hearing for one reason or another. Her method of ruling the frequenters of her receptions might be described as simply shaking the heterogeneous elements well together. But it answered so far as to make an evening at her house unfailingly amusing.

Mr. Trollope had the great delight of hearing Liszt and the Princess Belgiojoso play, on two pianos, the whole of the score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." What would Herr Engel say to this!

Again the scene changes from Paris and Vienna to Ostend, where a certain colonel of hospitable habits gave a dinner at which the author was present. An ominous pause intervened between the announced hour of dinner and its being served, and suddenly the colonel rushed into the drawing-room with his coat-sleeves drawn up to his elbows, horror and despair in his mien, as he cried, "Great Heaven! the cook has cut the fins off the turbot!"

It may be questioned whether the unfortunate people of Schevening were not a few weeks ago in a worse position, when not only could they not procure a turbot with his fins cut off, but they were unable to have any turbot at all, from some quarrel about the fishing smacks. The writer of this paper had a piece of venison presented to him some years ago when on the move in north Wales. When it was served, the "dim Sassenach" cook had cut off all the fat. Poor Quin would have given up the ghost had such a calamity happened to him. The art of cookery, in spite of South Kensington, does not spread. The deceptions prevalent under the name of cooks abound everywhere. In an ordinary lodging-house of some pretension good or bad cooking is a mere accident, and there are towns where the bills of mortality are swollen by the abominable neglect of the elementary principles of cooking. We recently had a woodcock so served that we expected to see the bird take flight from the toast, and leave nought but his trail behind him. There is some excuse for a cook if his or her master does not know good cookery from bad. Because the old Duke of Wellington did not appreciate his cook's great works, that honest functionary doubted

\* Madame Recamier.

after all whether the duke was a great man. "I look upon it," said Dr. Johnson, "that he who does not mind his *belly*, will hardly mind anything else."

We heard it recently asserted at dinner that the world had got wickeder since the French Revolution. It was not asserted that it was owing to it, but that event was named as indicating the period of change. One person said that Nihilism, and another that Irish cruelties, proved the statement. We know not how this is, but rather think the other way. Mr. Trollope, however, shows how half a century ago a sovereign of the house of Austria devoted a certain number of hours every Thursday to receive any of his subjects who had expressed a desire to see him.

But might not [says Mr. Trollope] some socialist or nihilist, or other description of radical, have easily shot him at one of those entirely unguarded interviews? Ay! but I am writing of half a century ago, before such things and persons had appeared upon the scene. And assuredly the possibility of such a catastrophe had never entered into the brain of any man, woman, or child in the Kaiserstadt.

Mrs. Trollope, who was a woman of keen discernment, abundance of humor, and of a most sunny temper, went to Vienna, accompanied by her son Adolphus, and by a M. Hervieu, an artist, and a right good fellow. From Vienna she sent over to Bentley, who published it for her, a work entitled "Vienna and the Austrians." She was known in Vienna to be writing, and society there was naturally taken up with the English lady who had come to see what Viennese society was like. Prince Metternich met her at Sir Frederick Lamb's, and then and subsequently she seems to have had much interesting conversation with Metternich. Mr. Trollope says:—

Prince Metternich was just such a man as my fancy painted Sir William Temple to have been. . . . He was a man of middle height, slenderly made rather than thin, though carrying no superfluous flesh; upright, though without the somewhat rigid uprightness which usually characterizes military training to the last, however far distant the training time may have been; and singularly graceful in movement and gesture. He must have been a man of sound body and even robust constitution, but he did not look so at the time of which I am speaking. Not that he had the appearance or the manner of a man out of health, but his extreme refinement and delicacy of feature seemed scarcely consistent with bodily strength. Whether it might be possible for a man devoid of all advantage of feature to

produce on those brought into contact with him the same remarkable impression of dignity, the consciousness of high station, and perfection of courtly bearing combined with a pellucid simplicity of manner, I cannot say. But it is true that all this was rendered more possible in the case of Metternich by great personal handsomeness.

Here is a picture of Sam Slick, the clockmaker, whom all the world knows was—we cannot, alas! say is—the Hon. Mr. Justice Haliburton.

He was, as I remember him, a delightful companion—for a limited time. He was in this respect exactly like his books—extremely amusing reading if taken in rather small doses, but calculated to seem tiresomely monotonous if indulged in at too great length. He was a thoroughly good fellow, kindly, cheery, hearty, and sympathetic always; and so far always a welcome companion. But his funning was always pitched in the same key, and always more or less directed to the same objects. His social and political ideas and views all coincided with my own, which, of course, tended to make us better friends. In appearance he looked entirely like an Englishman, but not at all like a Londoner. Without being at all too fat, he was large and burly in person, with grey hair, a large ruddy face, a humorous mouth, and bright blue eyes always full of mirth. He was an inveterate chewer of tobacco, and in the fulness of comrade-like kindness strove to indoctrinate me with that habit. But I was already an old smoker, and preferred to content myself with that mode of availing myself of the blessing of tobacco.

Everything about Wordsworth is interesting. Whatever we may think of his works—and most of us will admit that he has been gradually rising in estimation, especially for his sonnets—Wordsworth was emphatically a man. He was not deterred by coldness or censure from continuing in the path he had marked out for himself. He lived his life and not anybody or everybody else's. He was not absorbed quantity. This power of holding his own partly arose, perhaps, from a certain absence of sympathy with ideas, unless they had originated with himself. We all fall on the leaning side, and sympathy with other people's ideas was not Wordsworth's leaning side. So he held his own, and talked of himself, and his thoughts, and his poems as he really thought of them himself, second only, if second at all, to Milton's. Let us hear Mr. Trollope's account of him:—

For my part I managed to incur his displeasure while yet on the threshold of his house. We were entering it together, when observing a very fine bay-tree by the door-side,

I unfortunately expressed surprise at its luxuriance in such a position. "Why should you be surprised?" he asked, suddenly turning upon me with much displeasure in his manner. Not a little disconcerted, I hesitatingly answered that I had imagined the bay-tree required more and greater warmth of sunshine than it could find there. "Pooh!" said he, much offended at the slight cast on his beloved locality, "what has sunshine got to do with it?"

I had not the readiness to reply, that in truth the world had abundance of testimony that the bay could flourish in those latitudes! But I think, had I done so, it might have made my peace—for the remainder of that evening's experiences led me to imagine that the great poet was not insensible to incense from very small and humble worshippers.

The evening, I think I may say the entire evening, was occupied by a monologue addressed by the poet to my mother, who was of course extremely well pleased to listen to it. I listened with much pleasure when Wordsworth recited his own lines descriptive of Little Langdale. He gave them really exquisitely. But his manner in conversation was not impressive. He sat continuously looking down with a green shade over his eyes even though it was twilight; and his mode of speech and delivery suggested to me the epithet "maundering," though I was ashamed of myself for the thought with reference to such a man. As we came away I cross-examined my mother much as to the subjects of his talk. She said it had been all about himself and his works, and that she had been interested. But I could not extract from her a word that had passed worth recording.

I cannot say that on the whole the impression made on me by the poet on that occasion (always with the notable exception of his recital of his own poetry) was a pleasant one. There was something in the manner in which he almost perfunctorily, as it seemed, uttered his long monologue, that suggested the idea of the performance of a part got up to order, and repeated without much modification as often as lion-hunters, duly authorized for the sport in those localities, might call upon him for it. I dare say the case is analogous to that of the hero and the valet, but such was my impression.

While recently on the subject of cookery we omitted some amusing remarks touching the composition of gravy, and the proper age of mutton, made by Mr. Trollope. Gravy is not attained by all cooks; it is sometimes too greasy or too thick, or it errs in the direction of hot water. We don't pretend to sufficient knowledge to correct an error we may yet perceive, but we are glad to be able to throw on so important a topic the light of another understanding. Though a good appetite is the best sauce, one is not always able to ap-

proach the meal of the day with an appetite that can dispense with the cook's aid.

My uncle, Mr. Partington, who married my father's sister, and lived many years chairman of Quarter Sessions at Otford, among the South Downs, near Lewes, was a man who understood mutton. A little silver saucepan was placed by his side when the leg of mutton, or sometimes two, about as big as fine fowls, were placed in one dish before him! Then, after the mutton had been cut, the abundantly flowing gravy was transferred to the saucepan, a couple of glasses of tawny old port, and a *quantum suff.* of currant jelly and cayenne were added, the whole was warmed in the dining-room, and then—we ate mutton, as I shall never eat it again in this world!

Nobody knows anything about mutton in these days, for the very sufficient reason that there is no mutton worth knowing anything about. Scientific breeding has improved it off the face of the earth. The immature meat is killed at two years old, and only we few survivors of a former generation know how little like it is to the mutton of former days. The Monmouthshire farmers told me the other day that they could not keep Welsh sheep of pure breed, because nothing under an eight foot park paling would confine them. Just as if they did not jump in the days when I jumped too! Believe me, my young friends, that George the Third knew what he was talking about (as upon certain other occasions) when he said that very little venison was equal to a haunch of four-year-old mutton. And the gravy!—chocolate-colored, not pink, my innocent young friends. Ichabod! Ichabod!

Mr. Trollope visited the Chamber whilst at Paris, and heard Soult and Dupin. He thought it a bear garden, as ours seems likely to become under the exquisite manners of the modern Irish. What a gulf between the time when people said that a polished Irishman was the finest gentleman in the world, and Johnny Bushe was a proof of it!

By far the best picture of Dickens we have yet had is given by Mr. Trollope. He speaks of Mr. Forster's biography as masterly. We venture to question this opinion, and conceive of a much more genial, much less autocratic Dickens than the one pictured for us by Forster. In fact, Mr. Trollope's Dickens seems much nearer the truth, and it certainly conveys a more pleasant idea of him than Mr. Forster does. The great fault of Forster's work is the preponderance of Forster himself. He is always on the stage, always advising, always suggesting that he suggested all the good things Dickens did; what with Forster's claims, and the extraordinary hallucination under which George Cruikshank suffered that he was



the author of "Oliver Twist," Dickens is made to play second fiddle between them.

Here is Mr. Trollope's portrait of Dickens, which gives a very happy impression of that great humorist who has brightened the lives of millions of his fellow-creatures:—

Dickens was only thirty-three when I first saw him, being just two years my junior. I have said what he appeared to me then. As I knew him afterwards, and to the end of his days, he was a strikingly manly man, not only in appearance but in bearing. The lustrous brilliancy of his eyes was very striking. And I do not think that I have ever seen it noticed, that those wonderful eyes which saw so much and so keenly, were appreciably, though to a very slight degree, near-sighted eyes. Very few persons, even among those who knew him well, were aware of this, for Dickens never used a glass. But he continually exercised his vision by looking at distant objects, and making them out as well as he could without any artificial assistance. It was an instance of that force of will in him, which compelled a naturally somewhat delicate frame to comport itself like that of an athlete. Mr. Forster somewhere says of him, "Dickens's habits were robust, but his health was not." This is entirely true as far as my observation extends.

Of the general charm of his manner I despair of giving any idea to those who have not seen or known him. This was a charm by no means dependent on his genius. He might have been the great writer he was and yet not have warmed the social atmosphere wherever he appeared with that summer glow which seemed to attend him. His laugh was brimful of enjoyment. There was a peculiar humorous protest in it when recounting or hearing anything specially absurd, as who should say, "'Pon my soul, this is *too* ridiculous! This passes all bounds!" and bursting out afresh as though the sense of the ridiculous overwhelmed him like a tide, which carried all hearers away with it, and which I well remember. His enthusiasm was boundless. It entered into everything he said or did. It belonged doubtless to that amazing fertility and wealth of ideas and feeling that distinguished his genius.

Mr. Trollope gives us a picture of "that deep-mouthed Bæotian Savage Landor," who took "for a swan rogue Southey's gander." So sang Lord Byron, not quite so Mr. Trollope.

Landor, as I remember him, was a handsome-looking old man, very much more so, I think, than he could have been as a young man, to judge by the portrait prefixed to Mr. Forster's volumes. He was a man of some

what leonine aspect as regards the general appearance and expression of the head and face, which accorded well with the large and massive build of the figure, and to which a superbly curling white beard added not only picturesqueness, but a certain nobility.

It was a singular thing that Landor always dropped his aspirates. He was, I think, the only man in his position in life whom I ever heard do so. That a man who was not only by birth a gentleman, but was by genius and culture—and such culture!—very much more, should do this, seemed to me an incomprehensible thing. I do not think he ever introduced the aspirate where it was not needed, but he habitually spoke of 'and, 'ead, and 'ouse.

Even very near the close, when he seemed past caring for anything, the old volcanic fire still lived beneath its ashes, and any word which touched even gently any of his favorite and habitual modes of thought was sure to bring forth a reply uttered with a vivacity of manner quite startling from a man who the moment before had seemed scarcely alive to what you were saying to him. To what extent this old volcanic fire still burned may be estimated from a story which was then current in Florence. The circumstances were related to me in a manner that seemed to me to render it impossible to doubt the truth of them. But I did not see the incident in question, and therefore cannot assert that it took place. The attendance provided for him by the kindly care of Mr. Browning, as narrated by Mr. Forster, was most assiduous and exact, as I had many opportunities of observing. But one day when he had finished his dinner, thinking that the servant did not come to remove the things so promptly as she ought to have done, he took the four corners of the tablecloth (so goes the story), and thus enveloping everything that was on the table, threw the whole out of the window.

Few men have been so fortunate in their biographer as Landor. Mr. Sidney Colvin had a subject congenial to him, and whilst appreciating Landor, is under no delusions as to his limits. Hence it is an eminently satisfactory biography, not liable to pass away with those biographies which George Eliot considered to be the curse of English literature.

We must now reluctantly close volumes which have given us unfeigned pleasure. They are written with an unaffected simplicity and with manifest pleasure to the writer, who conveys this pleasure to his reader. They touch upon a great variety of topics, never tediously dwelling on any. They are critical, descriptive, anecdotal, and include many well-limned portraits of interesting characters.

From Chambers' Journal.  
 RICHARD CABLE,  
 THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"  
 "COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

ISHTAR.

RICHARD CABLE reascended the stairs unheard and unseen. He was irritated at what he had observed. "How proud she is!" he said. "There is no breaking her stubborn spirit. She does this to pay me for her carriage."

It is a curious fact that we are prone to note and condemn in others the vice that mars our own selves. We are always keen-sighted with respect to the mote in our brother's eye, especially when it is a chip off the beam in our own eye. I have known a woman, who was a mischief-maker with her tongue throughout a neighborhood, declare that of all things she abhorred was gossip, and that, therefore, she avoided so-and-so as a scandal-monger. The conceited man turns up his already cocked nose at another prig; and the talker is impatient of the love of chatter in his friend. I once knew two exceedingly talkative men who monopolized the whole conversation at table. The one invited the other to make a walking expedition with him of a month; but they returned in three days. "I could not stand B," said A; "I was stunned with his tongue." "I refused to go on with A," said B; "he talked me lame." The girl who sings flat, criticises the lack of tune in a companion; and the man who paints badly is the first to detect the blemishes in another's picture; and I am quite sure my most severe critics will be those who have written the worst novels.

Richard Cable was convinced that Josephine was proud and self-willed; and everything she did, every act of submission, every gentle appeal for forgiveness, was viewed by him through the distorted medium of his own pride. Indistinctly, he perceived that she was asking him to be received back on his terms—that she was ready to make every sacrifice for this end; but he could not or would not believe that she was acting from any other motive than caprice. Her pride was hurt because he had left her, and she sought to recover him, not because she cared for him, certainly not because she would be more considerate of him, but to salve over her wounded self-love.

An uneducated man, when he gets an

idea into his head, will not let it go. He hugs it, as the Spartan lad hugged the fox though it bit into his vitals. There is no rotation of crops in his brain. The idea once planted there, grows and spreads, and eats up all the nutriment, and overshadows the whole surface, and allows nothing to grow under it, like the beech, which poisons the soil beneath its shadow with its dead leaves and mast-cases. A man who has undergone culture puts into his head one idea, and as soon as it is ripe, reaps and garners it, ploughs up the soil, puts in another of a different nature—never lets his brain be idle, and never gives it up permanently to one idea or set of ideas. Or rather—his head is an allotment garden, in which no single idea occupies the entire field, but every lobe is used for a different crop, precisely as in an allotment every variety of vegetable is grown.

Now, Richard Cable had had the idea of Josephine's haughtiness so ploughed into his mind that he could harbor no other idea. It grew and spread like a weed, and poisoned the soil of his mind, so that no wholesome plants, no sweet herbs could flourish there. It overmastered, it outgrew, it strangled all the fragrant and nutritious plants that once occupied that garden plot. Its roots ran like those of an ash through every portion, and spread over the entire subsoil, so that nothing else could grow there, or could only grow in a stunted and starved condition. So, with singular perversity, Cable resented the conduct of Josephine in cleaning his boots, and he attributed her act to unworthy motives. He said not a word about his boots till the van was in motion and he started up the steep hill; then he exclaimed: "Whatever have these folk at the inn been about with my boots, that they shine like those of a dancing-master?" Then he went through a puddle, and came out with them tarnished and begrimed. He did not look round at Josephine, who made no remark, but next morning cleaned his boots again. After that Cable kept them in his bedroom. He would not have them cleaned by Josephine.

All the calves were disposed of before Launceston was reached; and as the load was light, the horse rattled on with the van at a better rate. When they drew near to St. Kerian, Cable said: "I have written beforehand to my mother and told her my intentions. She will have arranged lodgings for you, where you may stay on your arrival. After that, as you

are wilful, you must suit yourself; but I could not drop you from the van in the street with nowhere to go to. Even the calves are not treated thus; each goes to his allotted cowhouse. I have told my mother to engage the lodging as for an acquaintance of hers — acquaintance, understand, not friend — and to pay a month in advance."

"That," said Josephine, I will not allow." She opened her purse. "What has been spent, I will refund."

"I do not know what the sum is," said Cable angrily. "I insist on paying this. Afterwards, pay as you will."

"I will not allow it," said Josephine vehemently. "No; indeed, indeed, I will not. If you choose to acknowledge me then, I will take anything from you, and be thankful for every crump of bread and drop of water; but if you will not, then I will set my teeth and lips, and not a crumb of bread or drop of water of your providing shall pass between them."

"Yourself — yourself still; wilful, defiant, proud!" he said, with a frown and a furtive glance at her over his shoulder. Then he shouted rather than spoke: "Why will you not enjoy the estate and money bequeathed to you? It is yours; no one will dispute it with you."

"I will not touch it," answered Josephine, "because I have no right to it."

"You have every right; it was left to you."

"But it ought never to have come to me. It was properly, justly, yours."

"I will not have it!" shouted Richard. "You know that. I am too proud to take it."

"And I also; I am too proud to take it."

"We are both proud, are we? Flint and steel, we strike, and the sparks fly. It will be ever so — strike, strike, and the sparks fly."

"When I reach St. Kerian," said Josephine, "I suppose, if you continue in this unforgiving mind, I shall see nothing of you."

"Nothing."

"It is hard to put me there alone, without friends, a stranger."

"I came there a stranger, and have now no friends there."

"But you have your children. With them you need no outsiders; but I am quite alone. You will let me see the dear little ones?"

"No," he answered; "I will not let them come near you, lest they take the infection."

"Richard," said Josephine very sadly, and in a low, despondent voice, "it seems to me that we have exactly altered our positions; I was once full of cruel speeches and unkind acts, and you bore them with singular patience. Now, it is you who are cruel and unkind, and I do not cry out, though you cause me great pain."

He did not answer her; but he said: "I will not be seen driving you into St. Kerian, as I would not be seen driving you out of Exeter. You shall get out at this next inn. It is respectable and clean. You shall stay the night there, and tomorrow come on with the carrier's wagon."

"Will there be no one to receive me and show me where I am to go? O Richard! you are treating me very cruelly."

"I am treating you as you deserve," he answered. "My mother shall await your arrival and show you to your lodging."

He drew up before the tavern, that stood by itself where roads crossed. He took down her box and then something else from the inside of the van.

"What is this?" asked Josephine. "It is not mine; but it has 'Cornellis, passerger, St. Kerian' on it; and — it — it looks like a sewing-machine."

"It is a sewing-machine."

She stood and looked at him. "You mean it as a present for me. You bought it in Launceston, because I said I would work as a dressmaker and so earn my livelihood. No; I will not take anything you give me; send it back."

He stamped with impatience. "How perverse and proud you are! You do not alter; you are always the same. I do not give you the sewing-machine. My poor little crippled Bessie shall give it you. Each of my children has a savings-bank book, and for every journey I make, some of the profits go into their little stores. Bessie shall pay for the sewing-machine out of her money. It shall be withdrawn from the bank for the purpose. Will that content you?"

Josephine thought a moment, and then, raising her great full eyes on him, she said: "Yes; I will take it from Bessie. Richard! if, as you assert, I was the cause of her being injured, yet I am very sure her gentle little heart bears me no malice. You have told her that I crippled her, you have taught her to hate me —"

"No," answered Cable hurriedly; "I have not spoken of you, not uttered your name since I left Hanford. The children have forgotten your existence."

"Let little Bessie come to me and I will tell her all. I will take to myself the full

blame, and then — she will put her dear arms round my neck and kiss me and forgive me. But you —”

“But I,” interrupted Cable, “am not a child. Bessie does not know the consequences, cannot measure the full amount of injury done her. If she could, she would never, never forgive you; no” — he broke his stick in his vehemence — “never! If she had a head to understand, she would say: ‘There are hours every day that I suffer pain. I cannot sleep at night because of my back. That woman is the cause. I cannot run about and play with my sisters. That woman did it. I shall grow up deformed, and people will turn and laugh at me, and rude children point at and mock me. That woman brought this upon me. I shall see my sisters as young maidens, beautiful and admired, only I shall not be admired. That woman is the cause. I shall love with all the fire of my heart, that grows whilst my body remains stunted, my woman’s heart in a child’s frame — but no one will love me; he whom I love will turn from me in disgust and take another in his arms. I owe that also to this woman.’ If she foresaw all this, would Bessie forgive you and love you, and put her arms about you and kiss you? No; she would get up on her knees on your lap and beat your two great eyes with her little fists till you could not see out of them any more, but wept out of them brine and blood.” Then he mounted the driver’s seat in front of his van, lashed the horse, and left her standing in the road before the inn with her box and the sewing-machine.

Thereupon, a strong temptation arose and beset Josephine. Why should she go on to St. Kerian? — why sojourn there as a stranger, ignored by her own husband? Why should she bow to a life of privation of the most trying kind, intellectual privation, if nothing was to be gained by it? She had reached the first shelf in her plunge, and the golden cup was not there. Now, she was diving to a second and lower shelf, and she saw no prospect of retrieving what she sought on it. The shelf on which she had first lodged was in shallow water, within the light of the sun; it was not so far removed from the social and spiritual life of the cultured class to which she belonged, as that into which she was now called to descend. On that other shelf there was ebb and flow, and now and then she could enjoy the society of her social equals, if not to converse with them, to hear their

cultured voices, see their ease of manner, and enjoy the thousand little amenities of civilization which hang about the mansion of a lady of position. She had been there as a mermaid belonging to both regions, half lady, half servant; and very unpleasant, not to say repugnant to her cultured instincts and moral sense, as she had found the lower elements which had half engirdled her, there was still an upper region in which she could breathe. Now she was to be wholly submerged, to go down to the depth where only the unlettered and undisciplined swim, where only broad dialect is spoken, coarse manners are in vogue, and life is without any of the polish and adornment found in the world above the water-line. In the upper air, when she floated, she could hear the birds sing and see the flowers, and smell the fragrance of the clover and bean-fields; below, she would hear nothing but strident tones, see nothing but forms uncouth, smell nothing but what is rank. Why should she make this second plunge? Why — when she clearly saw that on this lower platform the golden goblet did not lie? Would it be a final leap? Would it necessitate a further descent into gulfs of darkness and horror? No; hardly that. Intellectually, there was no further dive. She could hardly find a voice below the ledge of the unreasoning, unread, untrained. Below that was the abyss of moral defect, into which she could not fall.

In the old Assyrian poem of “Ishtar,” the goddess is represented descending through several houses into Hades, and as she approaches each, the gatekeepers divest her of some of her clothing, till she reaches Abaddon, where she is denuded of everything. Josephine was something like Ishtar — she was forced, in her downward pilgrimage, at every mansion of the nether world to lay aside some of her ornaments acquired above. She had set forth with her mind richly clothed; she was a refined and accomplished girl, passionately fond of music, with a delicate artistic taste, a love of literature, and an eager mind for the revelations of science. If she had an interest that came second to music, it was love of history — that faculty which, like music and color, is inherent in some, is wholly deficient in others. To some, the present is but a cut flower, of fleeting charm, unless it have its root in the past, when at once it acquires interest, and is tenderly watched and cultivated. The historic faculty is closely allied to the imagination. It peoples a solitude with forms of beauty and interest; it builds up

walls, and unrolls before the fancy the volume of time, full of pictures. The possessor of these gifts is never alone, for the past is always about him, a past so infinitely purer and better than the present, because sublimated in the crucible of the mind.

Now, what struck Josephine above everything in the under-water world into which she stepped was the inability of its denizens to appreciate what is historical. They seemed to her like people who have no perspective, like half-blind men, who see men as trees walking. They had no clear ideas as to time or as to distance. Brussels and Pekin were foreign cities about equidistant, and Iceland and Tierra del Fuego, foreign islands in the same hemisphere. The Romans built the village churches; but whether the classic Romans or the Roman Catholics, was not at all known; nor was it certain when Oliver Cromwell stabled his horses in the churches, whether in the time of the Romans, or in the Chartist rows; neither whether Oliver Cromwell were a French republican or an Irish Papist. Turkeys came of course from Turkey, of which, probably, Dorking is the capital, because thence came also some big fowls; and necessarily Jerusalem artichokes are derived from the holy city, or else why are they called Jerusalem artichokes? In literature it was the same. Below the water, the denizens had heard of Shakespeare, but didn't think much of him; he didn't come near Miss Braddon. Swift — yes, he wrote children's stories — "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Robins." Thackeray! he was nowhere — not fit to hold a candle to Mrs. Henry Wood; there were no murders in his tales. In this subaqueous world, music was not; if there had been stillness, it would have been well; but in place of the exquisite creations of the great tone-masters, sprang a fungoid, scabrous growth of comic song, "Villikens and his Dinah," "Pop goes the Weasel," and revivalist hymns. Josephine in descending so low left behind her everything that to her made life worth having. She must cast aside her books, lay down her music, her painting; and be cut away from all communion with the class in which all the roots of her inner life were planted. Was she called on to do this? What would come of the venture?

But then came another question: Could she go back? To Hanford Hall and to her father? No; she had taken her course with full determination of pursuing it to

the end. She would not return. She must follow what her heart told her was the right thing to do, at whatever cost to herself. Ishtar would lay aside every adornment, only not the pure white robe of her moral dignity. Before the last house she would stand and wait, and not tap at that door, wait, and lie down there and die, rather than return except at the call of Richard.

#### CHAPTER LII.

##### THE SECOND SHELF.

MRS. CABLE was waiting before the door of the St. Kerian inn, where hung the sign of the Silver Bowl, when Josephine arrived. She received her with stately gravity and some coldness. The old woman saw that her daughter-in-law was greatly altered. Her girlishness was gone; womanhood had set in, stamping and characterizing her features. She was thin and pale, and did not look strong.

Mrs. Cable led her to the village grocer and postmistress, a Miss Penruddock, and showed Josephine a couple of neat, plain rooms, one above stairs, a bedroom, and the other below as a sitting-room. Everything was scrupulously clean; the walls were whitewashed, the bed and window furniture white, the china white, and the deal boards of the floor scrubbed as white as they could be got. Josephine's box was moved up-stairs, and the sewing-machine put in the parlor below. Her landlady was in and out for some little while, to make sure that all was comfortable, till the sorting-time for the letters engaged her in the shop. The atmosphere of the house was impregnated with the odor of soap, tea, and candles — a wholesome and not unpleasant savor.

Bessie Cable remained standing in the bedroom; her tall form looked unnaturally tall in the low room, of which the white ceiling was only seven feet above the white floor. "Is there anything further you require?" she asked. "I promised my son that I would see that you were supplied with every requisite."

Josephine looked at her, and drew beseechingly towards her, with her arms out, pleading to be taken to the old woman's heart. But Bessie Cable's first thought was for her son, and she could not show tenderness where he refused recognition.

"I am sorry to receive you thus," said Mrs. Cable; "but I cannot forget how that you have embittered my son's life, not only to himself, but also to me, his mother. I had looked forward to a peace-



ful old age, with him happy, after the storms and sorrows of a rough life. But he shipwrecked his peace and mine when he took you. I dare say you are repentant; the rector told me as much; but the wrong done remains working. One year's seeds make five years' weeds, and the weeds are growing out of the sowing of your cruel lips."

"You also!" cried Josephine. "Is no one to be kind to me—all to reproach me?"

"You must make friends here."

"But you—will you not be my mother, and my friend?"

"Your mother—no. Your friend—not openly. That I cannot be, because of my son; but I will not refuse you an inner friendship. I believe that now you intend to do right, and that you have acted well in coming here."

"You think so?"

"Yes; I am sure you have. You could in no other way have shown that you wished to undo the past."

"I am glad you say that; oh, I am glad! Yesterday, I had a terrible moment of struggle; I was almost about to go away, and not come on here. Now you have repaid me for my fight by these words."

Bessie looked steadily and searchingly at her. "I have had years of waiting for what could never come. I had ever an anguish at my heart, like a cancer eating it out. But that is over. It was torn out by the roots in one hour of great struggle and pain, and since then I have been at ease within. You have now your pain. Mine was different from yours. Mine grew out of a blow dealt me. Yours comes because you have dealt blows. There is nothing for it but to bear the pain and wait. Some day the pain will be over; but how it will be taken away. God only knows. I thought that mine would never go; but it went, and went suddenly, and I have felt nothing since. No medicine can heal you—only patience. Wait and suffer; and in God's good time and in his way, the pain will be taken away."

Josephine suddenly caught the old woman's hand and kissed it.

"Do not—do not!" exclaimed Bessie, as if frightened.

"Oh, Mrs. Cable," said Josephine, "I will wait. And now, tell me another thing. I have said that I will receive nothing of Richard till he will acknowledge me. I know I have acted very wrongly, but I think he is too unforgiving."

"It is not for me to judge my son or to

hear any words of condemnation from you."

"I do not wish to condemn him; but I feel that his justice is prevailing over his mercy."

"Who hardened him?"

"I—I did it; and I am reaping what I sowed. I own that. But as he will not receive me, will not season anything he offers me with love, am I wrong to refuse to accept aught of him?"

Mrs. Cable did not answer immediately, but presently she said: "No—you do right. I did the same. I would not touch anything; but then my case was different; I was the wronged, not the wrongdoer."

"More the reason that I should refuse," said Josephine with vehemence.

Again Mrs. Cable considered; then said: "Yes, that stands to reason; the wrongdoer gives to the wronged one to expiate the wrong, the wrongdoer does not receive from the one wronged—that would aggravate the offence."

"I am glad you see this," said Josephine. "Now—what have you paid for my lodgings? He said you had given a month's rent in advance."

Mrs. Cable colored. "You shall not pay that; indeed, you shall not. I engaged the rooms."

"Because he asked you. I will not stand in his debt."

"I cannot receive money from you," exclaimed Mrs. Cable. "It would burn my fingers."

Then Josephine knelt by her box and opened it. "We will come to an agreement another way," she said. "There is something in the bottom of my trunk—the only poor remains of my finery I have brought with me. You shall take that, and some day it can be cut up or adapted for Mary. Perhaps Mary may be married—and then she shall have my old wedding dress. I brought it from Hanford with me, not that I intended ever again to wear it, but it served me as a remembrancer. In it I was married, and in it I gave the last offence to my husband. In it I gained him, and in it I lost him. But I shall require it now no more. Take it, and do with it what you like. The silk is very good; it was a costly dress. Richard is building a new house; the driver pointed it out to me as I came along—do not think he had any notion how nearly I was interested in it. He said that Richard Cable came poor to the place, and will soon be the wealthiest man in it. When he has his grand new house, his little girls must dress well as little ladies; and Mary,

when she is married from it, may wear my wedding dress. I trust she will be happier than I have been or am likely to be." She looked up from the box. How large her eyes were, full of expression and intelligence — beautiful eyes, and now looking unusually bright and large because she was tired and thin and sunken about the sockets of the eyes.

"Have you been unwell?" asked Mrs. Cable.

"No — only unhappy."

"It takes a great deal of unhappiness to kill," said Bessie meditatively. "I thought sometimes I could not live, so great were my sorrow and shame."

"I do not care much whether I live or die," said Josephine. "Life is very full of trouble and disappointment, of humiliation and self-reproach to me." Then, in an altered voice: "Will you take the dress?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cable, still studying her face — "yes — Josephine."

A smile played over the face of the still kneeling girl. "It does me good to hear my Christian name again," she said. "At Bewdley, I was only 'Cable.' I should be thankful now for Jöss-e-phine, though once I scorned to be so named." She replaced her clothes in the trunk and laid the white silk dress on the bed.

"What is that? That is one of Richard's old handkerchiefs," said Mrs. Cable.

"Yes," answered Josephine, lowering her head. "I found it in the cottage after you were all gone. I will do up the dress in it, if you will promise to let me have the old blue handkerchief again. I — I value it. I once laughed at it — just as I laughed at my name pronounced incorrectly, and at his boots; and now — it is otherwise. I value the handkerchief; let me have it again."

Then Mrs. Cable took Josephine's head between her hands and drew it towards her; then checked herself, and thrust her off, and said: "I cannot, till my son acknowledges you; it would not be just to him."

Josephine sighed. The color had fluttered to her cheek and her eyes had laughed; and now the color faded and the laugh went out of her eyes. "Am I not to see the children?" she asked.

"I cannot forbid you seeing them," answered Bessie Cable; "but you are not to make their acquaintance and be friendly with them. You shall make them all a new set of gowns and frocks; you shall

have their old ones as patterns, but must make them a size larger, as the children are growing — that is, all but Bessie. I suppose that the dresses will have to be fitted; then you may touch them and speak to them; but you must not kiss them or be friendly with them. Speak to them only about the fit of their clothes."

"I am very hardly treated," said Josephine.

"You must consider — you have brought it on yourself."

"Yes, I have done that, and I must bear my pain. I shall see little or nothing of Richard?"

"Little or nothing, and he will not speak to you. He is away a great deal now. We see him only at intervals; and when he is at home, he wishes to be left undisturbed with his children." Then, once more, Mrs. Cable asked if Josephine had all that she needed; and left, with the white silk dress tied up in Richard's blue handkerchief, when assured that nothing further was required except that which she was not empowered to give.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### RABBIT CRUSADING.

MANY of our readers will probably have heard and read much about the ravages of poor "bunny" upon the sheep-runs of New Zealand, Victoria, and other colonies; but some particulars of the manner in which "the pest" has been dealt with with a view to its suppression may prove readable. Let us then endeavor to give some description of a rabbit-war, so to speak, of which we had some experience. The work was carried on upon a run of one hundred thousand acres in the South or Middle Island, of New Zealand, which had become so overrun with rabbits that the sheep-flock had been reduced from eighty thousand to forty-five thousand, through the inability of the land to support the larger number, owing to the amount of grass consumed by the rabbits. It is commonly related on the station that, about five years before the time of which we are writing, it was a difficult matter to find a rabbit anywhere on the run, and that the manager once reproved one of his men for taking out a gun to try to shoot one of these animals, saying, that if the rabbits were indiscriminately hunted, it would soon be impossible to get one for dinner. And yet so great was the in-

crease during these succeeding five years, that the owners of the station found the carrying power of their land reduced by nearly one half, and were at their wits' end for a remedy.

Various means were tried for reducing the numbers of the rabbit. Men were engaged to breed ferrets on the run and turn them loose; other men were allowed to camp upon the run and keep large packs of dogs to wage war upon them, and were paid liberally for the skins they obtained; while others were similarly encouraged to kill them with guns. But notwithstanding all these measures for their suppression, the rabbits continued increase till their numbers seemed limitless.

In the early days of this trouble, the squatter concerned himself only about the slaughtering of bunny, and paid no heed to the value of the skins. It was the custom to pay those engaged in killing them a certain price, from a penny up to two shillings and sixpence — according to the thickness of the rabbits on the land — for each tail or pair of ears brought into the homestead. In this regard there is a story told of two parties of "rabbiterers" who were engaged upon adjoining runs, on one of which the owner paid for the tails delivered to his storekeeper, while on the other a similar price was paid for the ears. These worthies hit upon the device of meeting at the boundary fence and exchanging ears for tails. Thus, each gang was paid for all the rabbits killed upon both runs, and hence every rabbit killed was paid for twice. This nefarious practice was carried on for some time before the victimized squatters discovered the fraud.

In course of time the value of the skins was recognized; and now millions are shipped annually to the London market, where they command a good price, and are made up by the manufacturers into a large variety of articles of female adornment, such as muffs, capes, trimmings, and the like; besides which, it is said that the skin is tanned and made up into an imitation kid. Besides the common gray rabbit, so well known in England, there are in New Zealand some very pretty varieties. Notably, there is what is known as the "silver gray." The fur of this species is a mixture, in varying proportions, of black and white tails. For these, nearly double the price of ordinary skins is paid by the skin-dealers. Besides the silver grays, which are sometimes almost

white, and at others nearly black, there are also many pure black rabbits, and a few quite white. There are also in some parts black rabbits with brown spots.

The method of taking and preparing the skins is as follows: the skin (jacket) is taken off without being split up in the usual way. The skinner places his foot upon one hind leg, and holding the other in his left hand, slits the skin with his knife across from leg to leg; he then disengages the skin from around each hind leg, and planting his foot upon both of these, pulls the whole skin up over the body of the rabbit, precisely as a footballer takes off his buttonless jersey. The skin is thus turned inside out; and a skilful skinner will, with a sharp pull, unless the rabbit be very old and tough, strip the whole skin, dragging the head and fore paws through without any further aid from his knife. But in some cases he will have to cut round the neck and fore paws before he can disengage the hide. The speed with which men and boys who are accustomed to the work can strip bunny of his jacket is almost incredible.

Having taken off the skin, the rabbiter, unless he wants it as food for his dogs, leaves the carcase lying where he found it; and again turning the skin so that the fur side is outward, strings it upon a strap hanging round his neck, or upon his belt, and goes on in search of more spoil.

The methods already spoken of, shooting, and hunting with dogs and ferrets, having proved wholly inadequate to meet the case, other methods had to be sought; and at last the expedient of laying poisoned grain was hit upon. In the direction of poisoning, many experiments were made with different and uncertain results. Carrots prepared with arsenic were used, and are still in great favor in many parts, and both wheat and oats were "phosphorized," as the professional rabbiting term goes. At first, the poisoned grain was placed upon the ground indiscriminately in large heaps, with the result that many sheep and cattle ate it and were killed. This seemed to present an insurmountable obstacle to its use; but further experiments led to the plan of putting down the grain in small quantities in each place, not greater than a teaspoonful, which resulted very successfully. Oats are generally used in preference to wheat. This was the method by which poisoning with phosphorized oats is carried on, as observed by the writer on the station referred to above. Provisions were made for em-

ploying twenty-five men constantly for twelve months in laying poison. These, provided with four large tents, measuring ten feet by twelve feet, and under the supervision of the head shepherd, were set to work upon a carefully devised plan. In these days of "wire shepherds," as they are called,—that is, wire fences, termed wire shepherds because they take the place in a large degree of shepherds or "boundary-keepers," who in the old days had to be employed by the squatters to keep the sheep from straying in far greater numbers than at the present day,—a sheep-run is always divided into a number of sections, often several thousands of acres in extent, called "paddocks." The "poisoning gang" would be taken to a convenient camping-place in one of these paddocks and there quartered. A well-sheltered nook would be selected contiguous to a creek, of which there were several on the run, and here the camp would be pitched. The four tents, for which the poles, pegs, and all necessities would be carried from camp to camp, would be set up; quantities of dry fern, reeds, creepers, or grass, as the locality might provide, would then be cut and spread upon the floor for bedding; and on the top of this each man would spread his blankets. To each tent six men were apportioned, four of whom had to lie side by side across the inner half; while the other two lay in like manner, occupying one half of the outer portion.

Now, to attempt a description of the method by which bunny was attacked. Let us suppose that it was planned first to poison, say, No. 1 paddock. Some weeks before the war began, the bulk of the flock were turned into this paddock to eat the grass close down, so that the rabbits should have but little choice of food when the poisoning began. Next the camp was pitched in this No. 1 paddock; and then, the sheep having been moved on to the paddock next intended to be operated upon, work was commenced in earnest. The poisoned oats were prepared at the home station, and sent out to the rabbiters upon packhorses. At one time, the oats and phosphorus were boiled together in an open vessel; but as the fumes were found to be injurious to the men who superintended the operation, cylindrical boilers with hermetical covers were contrived revolving upon an axis. These cylinders, lying horizontally between upright stanchions, and turned with a crank, each capable of holding about two

sacks of oats, were filled with a mixture of grain, phosphorus, and water in certain proportions. The cover having been sealed up, a fire was lighted beneath the boilers, which were kept slowly revolving while the contents boiled for a certain length of time. The poisoned oats thus prepared having been brought to the scene of operations, the next business was to distribute them for the delectation of poor unsuspecting bunny. For this purpose, each man was provided with a semi-circular tin about six inches deep, with a diameter of about eighteen inches. Each tin was fitted with an overarching handle, passing from the centre of the diameter, or flat side of the tin, to the centre of the circumference, or curved side. Through this handle a strap would be rove, by which means the tin could be slung over the shoulder in such a way that the flat side might rest against the bearer's left hip; the semicircular shape being designed for convenience in carrying. Each tin would hold from fifteen to twenty pounds of oats—nearly half a bushel. Each man carried in his right hand a light stick about two feet six inches long, with a piece of tin bent in the shape of a spoon, and about the size of a teaspoon, fastened to one end. Thus accoutred, and with a tin bottle full of tea and a little bread and meat in a handkerchief, slung to his belt, for the midday meal, the rabbitier would "fall in" after breakfast every morning at eight o'clock to begin the day's work.

On completing one paddock, drays would be sent from the home station to transport the whole of the impedimenta to the camping-place in the next, and so on from time to time. Nothing but absolutely perpendicular cliffs, which were sometimes met with, was allowed to divert the line of march. Sometimes the men would be climbing up steep mountain-sides, at others picking their way gingerly, at no small risk of breaking their limbs, along the faces of steep sidings and cliffs; and anon they would be crossing creeks or threading their way through clumps of bush (wood). At times, when a piece of country had to be attacked where there was very heavy tussock grass or scrub, a day or two would be given to "burning off" before laying the poison.

So much for the business of putting the poison down for the rabbits. Now what about securing the skins? For this purpose, a contract was let to three men, who, in the guise of camp-followers, as they might be termed, followed the rab-

biters from place to place. These men were provided with tents and wires for stretching their skins, and were paid by the station-owners one-and-sixpence a dozen for all skins brought in properly dried and tied up in dozens. The contractors employed two boys to help them; and all five used to spend the day from early in the morning until nearly dark scouring the country over which the poisoners had passed the day before, and taking the skins from the carcasses. Then, upon their return to camp, they would all have to sit up far into the night stretching and cleaning the spoils of the day.

This gang had to pay the station for its provisions. The collections of skins daily would vary from one hundred and fifty up to three hundred per head, men and boys, according to the abundance of the rabbits in different places. The gatherings would rarely fall short of one hundred and fifty a head, from which it will be seen that these men were earning handsome wages. The writer on one occasion walked six miles, to and from a certain patch of ground that had been poisoned a day or two before (three miles each way), and skinned one hundred and twenty rabbits between breakfast-time and midday. The skins collected do not represent all the rabbits killed. Many hundreds die under ground, and numbers are torn to pieces by the hawks and seagulls, which congregate in enormous numbers from all directions upon "poisoned country."

From the foregoing, it may be seen what the ravages of the rabbit really mean, though, unfortunately, we have not all the figures at hand necessary for making an accurate statement. But first glancing at the loss to the station in wool through the reduction of its flock from eighty thousand to forty-five thousand sheep, let us review roughly the weekly cost of this rabbit war alone: Overseer, being the head shepherd, a "paid" yearly hand. Twenty-four men at twenty-five shillings each, £30; cook, £1 15s.; man to prepare poison, £1 10s.; four packmen at twenty-five shillings each, £5; rations for thirty-one men at seven shillings each, £10 17s.; oats, say, a bushel and a half per man daily, equal to two hundred and twenty-five bushels at two shillings and sixpence, £28 2s. 6d.; phosphorus (quantity used and price not known), say, £5; bonus to men for collecting skins—say, three men and two

boys collect three hundred each daily—for week, nine thousand, or seven hundred and fifty dozen at one shilling and sixpence, £56 5s. Thus, roughly speaking, this station was expending weekly £138 9s. 6d. in protecting itself against loss from the continual increase of the rabbits, which threatened soon to take entire possession of the whole country. From this total have, of course, to be deducted the proceeds of the skins in London, which may be calculated, we think, after allowing for all shipping and home charges, at about two shillings and sixpence per dozen. This would give £93 15s. to be deducted from £138 9s. 6d.; leaving a weekly charge upon the station of £44 14s. 6d. But this, it must be remembered, is a very rough estimate, and is probably a good deal below the actual cost. In allowing a collection of three hundred skins per man and boy daily, we have probably far exceeded the mark; and it will be seen that any material reduction here would alter the figures considerably. Then, again, the estimate of seven shillings per head for rations is probably an under-statement, as is also the item of five pounds for phosphorus. Moreover, no estimate has been made for wear and tear of tents, cooking utensils, horse-flesh, drays, and harness, etc.; nor for wages of men packing, counting, pressing, and carting the skins, and getting firewood, and so on.

But enough has been written to show what a serious matter the "rabbit pest" is to the squatter and to the country; and we trust this paper may prove of some interest to English readers. It should be mentioned that in Australia the rabbit-skins are of no value whatever, because, owing to the warmer climate, they are not so heavily furred as in New Zealand. The ultimate result of the crusade we have endeavored to describe was highly satisfactory, the run being virtually cleared of rabbits for the time being. Nevertheless, it will be a perpetual charge upon the station to keep them under, as a year or two of neglect would bring about again the same state of things. And this is true of the greater part of the South Island of New Zealand and many parts of Australia. The rabbits are a constant source of anxiety and annoyance, and unflagging vigilance is necessary to keep them in check.



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